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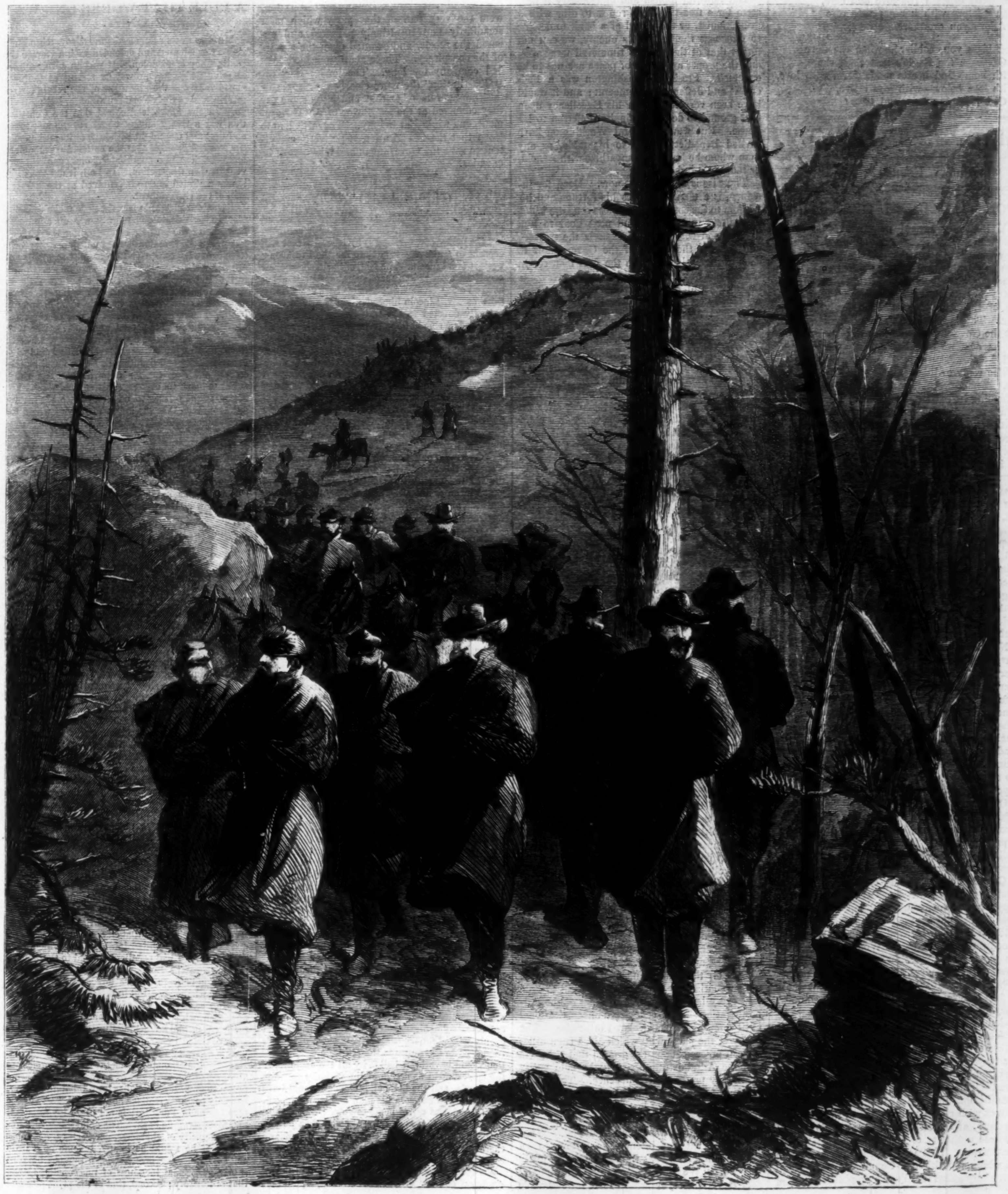


GENERAL GRANT CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, JANUARY 7, 1864.—[See Page 118.]

GOD BLESS YOU, SOLDIER!

God bless you, soldier!—when our sky
Was heavy with impending woes,
When traitors raised the battle-cry,
When fear met fear in every eye,
You rushed to meet our foes.

God bless you, soldier!—when our light
Of hope grew dim and courage waned,
When freedom veiled her face from sight,
Your valor dashed away the night,
And morning clear remained.

God bless you, soldier!—scarred and worn,
Wearied with marchings, watchings, pain,
All battle-stained and battle-torn,
Bravely have all your tasks been borne,
You have not fought in vain.

God bless you, soldier!—think not we
Alone revere and bless your name,
For millions now and yet to be,
Millions your arm has rendered free,
Shall sing your deeds and fame.

God bless you, soldier!—when the air
Grows heavy with the battle's roar,
Sheltered beneath His love and care,
May Victory with her garlands rare
Adorn you evermore.

God bless you, soldier!—when the dove
Of peace the Eagle's nest shall share,
With home and hearts made warm with love,
With joys below—with joys above,
God bless you here and *there!*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 20, 1864.

CONSTITUTIONAL OPPOSITION.

THERE are several members of Congress who please themselves by asserting that they constitute a healthy constitutional opposition to the Government, and who insist that it is wrong to call them unpatriotic, merely because they do not approve the method and policy of the Administration in conducting the war. They protest that the Administration is not the Government, and that they may censure all its acts without being justly liable to be called traitors.

The reply to this specious strain is very simple. The Government of the United States is defending its existence against an able and desperate rebellion. The Constitution confers upon that Government every power whatever which is necessary to its maintenance. It may, in the last extremity, wage war, and whatever is lawful in war is lawful for that Government. That extremity is now reached, and we are at war; consequently no measure of legitimate warfare can be censured as unconstitutional. It can not, for instance, be urged that, as the Constitution declares that no man shall lose life or property without due course of law, therefore no rebel shall be shot and no rebel's stores seized. The only point of debate is the practical wisdom of certain measures for prosecuting the war. Is it good policy? that is the question; not, is it constitutional? For what rights have traitors under the Constitution? The life of every one of them is constitutionally forfeited.

Now to oppose the war, under whatever pretext, is to favor the rebellion, and compass the overthrow of the Government. Is, then, encouragement to the rebellion a legitimate constitutional opposition? We do not speak of the honesty of men who take this course, we are considering the excuse by which they justify it. Their course leads of necessity, if they can persuade the country that the war is wrong, to a counter-revolution and the success of rebellion. Do they suppose that to be a sound and healthy opposition to the conduct of the war?

Of course we know that they claim to be as good war men as any body. They are, first, in favor of the war; and, second, they are opposed to prosecuting it. Try the quality of their war feeling by their record. Suppose the Government to-day intrusted to the hands of this party in Congress. Would they continue the war or attempt to negotiate? Look at the leaders, who supply its arguments and philosophy, and direct its action. They are such men as Vallandigham, William B. Reed, Horatio Seymour, George W. Woodward, and Fernando Wood. Other than the party which votes in accordance with the views of these leaders, there is no serious opposition to the Government. And what these leaders believe is known to the whole country. They are of opinion that the difficulty should be settled by negotiation and compromise. That is to say, they do not oppose the method and policy of the Government in waging the war, but they are opposed to the war itself. Wood says that there is no such thing as a War Democrat. Their opposition, therefore, is neither Constitutional nor legitimate. For they propose to treat with citizens who refuse by force to obey the laws, and their demand is simply that the absolute authority of the Government shall be overthrown. This is practically the ground of the whole opposition in Congress. They voted at the very outset for Wood's proposition to send Commissioners to Richmond, by not voting to lay it upon the table. Failing to carry the destruction of the Government by a direct vote, they struggle in every way to thwart and perplex its movements. They are aiming to retard the prosecution of the war, and so they play into the hands of the rebels, who hope by prolonging it to weary the loyal States and create a reaction. That these men are in a hopeless and futile minority in Congress, as they are in the country, does not lessen the shame of their conduct nor the scorn in which history will hold them. They will not be recorded as a legitimate opposition who saved civil liberty. They will be known as political parricides to whom power, not malice, was wanting.

A SHORT SERMON UPON A RECENT TEXT.

Whether political differences should affect social intercourse is an old question which is asked and pondered much in these days. But that they always have done so, is not a question. The history of the old Federalists and Democrats suffices to answer it in this country.

But however foolish and unnecessary it may seem for a free-trader to refuse to dine with a protectionist, or the friend of a bank to decline to dance at the ball of its enemy, we can not forget that at the present time civil war rages, and the proper amenities of peace are not to be expected. President Washington was a Federalist and Jefferson a Democrat; and it would have been very foolish for his Excellency upon that ground to decline to invite Jefferson to his house. But would General Washington have invited Benedict Arnold to his table, or any man whom he knew to sympathize with Arnold, or indirectly to help him?

The case is not different now. Here, for instance, is a man who gives his fortune and his wisdom to the country, and whose sons are killed by traitors in battle. And next door to him lives a man who virtually excuses the treason, and thwarts the efforts of the Government to subdue the traitors. Can the first man see in the second any thing else than an accessory to the murder of his children? Can the second man justly complain of political intolerance and fanaticism upon the part of the first? Is not the avoidance of the second by the first a simple instinct? He need not assault him, he need not insult him; but can he possibly hobnob with him upon the ground that they honestly dissent and must agree to differ?

Mr. Webster and Mr. Hayne might have retired from the Capitol to dine together after the one had utterly demolished the other in a political debate. But is civil war a political debate? If Mr. Hayne had left the Senate Chamber, raised the flag of revolt, and shot Mr. Webster's son to the heart, is it a great pity that Mr. Webster should have carried political differences so far as to be unwilling to request the honor of Mr. Hayne's company to supper? In a civil war men must be judged and treated according to the colors they show. If they choose the enemy's color they must expect, and they ought to receive, the treatment of an enemy. If you would shake hands with Judah Benjamin you will not recoil from Judah Benjamin's abettors. But if you think that Jefferson Davis is justly responsible for the blood that desolates the land, how can you affect indifference toward those who virtually befriend him?

Clearly, when political differences have ended in civil war, no earnest, devoted man, upon one side or the other, will wish to associate familiarly either with those who are so shallow as not to feel the terrible reality of the condition, or those whose sympathies belong to the party which he opposes with arms.

MASKS AND FACES.

Mr. Pruyn, representative from the Albany District of this State, in his maiden speech in Congress, said that his party had a right to require that the Administration should be faithful to the Constitution of the United States. But he might justly have claimed more. He might have truly declared that every citizen of the United States had the same right, and ought to insist that the Constitution be respected. And then he might fairly have gone a step further, and announced that if the President, as the chief executive officer of the Government, transcended his constitutional powers, he ought to be impeached and punished.

But, on the other hand, neither Mr. Pruyn, nor any citizen or party, has the right to hold that every law of Congress and act of the Administration shall be considered unconstitutional until some court has declared otherwise. The policy of the party with which Mr. Pruyn allies himself proceeds upon the ground that Congress and the Administration are to be held guilty until they prove their innocence. The whole burden of the speeches which inflamed the mob and led to the riots of last summer—apart from their mean appeals to ignorance and passion—was that the draft was unconstitutional. What followed, what was intended to follow, in an ignorant mind? That the law might be justly resisted. "We think the law unconstitutional," said Governor Seymour. "Is it unreasonable that we should wish to have a decision upon that point?" Not at all; if you will make your case and bring it to a court of sufficient authority. Any man in the land has the right to question the Constitutionality of any law, and to bring it to the test of a decision, but he has no right meanwhile to disobey the law or to encourage others to disobey it. Still less has he the right to assume that every act of an Administration which he does not like is unconstitutional. For if this were so, it would be the manifest duty of Congress and of the Executive to submit every act and law to the dictum of the court before it could be considered valid; in which case "the co-ordinate powers" of the Government disappear, and Congress and the President become mere functionaries of a court.

The object, as every intelligent citizen will see, of this incessant effort to delay and thwart the operations of the Government, is to prolong the war, weary public patience, create popular disgust, and thereby open the chance for return to political power of the remains of the party which administered the Government while the conspiracy was ripening that has now burst into deadly war. Nor will it be forgotten that these remains of the party, which are now, under the old party name, seeking for restoration, were the very part of that party which most steadfastly and insultingly palliated and excused the rebels, and counted upon the success of the conspiracy. These gentlemen have kept bad company too long. The louder they cry "Constitution" the more clearly the people of the country remember that under the same cry they connived at the overthrow of the Government, and winked at infamy. They will live to learn that the Constitution is perfectly competent to save the Government and take care of its enemies.

GENERAL GRANT.

It is understood that the Congressional caucus of the opponents of the Administration is considering the policy of ascertaining if General Grant will consent to stand as a candidate for the Presidency against Mr. Lincoln. The fact, of itself, shows their conscious desperation, for General Grant is about as good a representative of their views and sympathies as Mr. Lincoln himself. He is a man unreservedly devoted to the war—brave, simple, successful—but should he unfortunately consent to allow his name to be used at this time, we shall have practically lost the services of our most conspicuous General; for from that moment he will be fighting for the Presidency and not for the country. And what fighting for the Presidency is we have seen in the career of General M'Clellan.

Besides, General Grant is not likely to forget what every body else remembers—that the military chieftains who have been raised to the Presidency have been elected long after their campaigns were ended. Taylor and Jackson and Harrison had long sheathed the sword when they were summoned to the White House. But General Grant is still engaged in an unfinished war, and Shakespeare long ago sang:

> "The mighty warrior famousèd for fight,
> After a thousand victories once foiled,
> Is from the lists of honor razèd quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Should any great disaster befall the army of the West before the election, what would be the political chances of its General? And is it not reasonable to suppose that he would avoid such danger to himself by saving his army from the risk? If any thing could prevent Grant's moving upon the enemy's works it would be his nomination at this time for the Presidency.

Probably there is no man in the country who has so clear a conviction of this truth as General Grant himself. And if we should hear that the nomination had been offered him and accepted, we are very sure that the regret of the country would be equal to its surprise—not that a thoroughly loyal supporter of the policy of the war was nominated for the Presidency, but that the great army of the West with its Captain had been paralyzed.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

The other day in the House of Representatives Mr. Myers, of Pennsylvania, said that Judge Woodward, of that State, late candidate for Governor, was opposed to the soldiers voting. Mr. Stiles, of the same State, rose to correct him, saying that Judge Woodward was willing that the soldiers should vote *if they came home!* Generous man! He was willing that the whole Pennsylvania force should be withdrawn from the army; and as the Ohio and other Western elections occurred at the same time, he was willing that the forces of those States also should be withdrawn for the same purpose. That is to say, the kind man and loyal patriot was perfectly willing the soldiers should vote, provided that the method of voting should be so arranged as to help the rebels.

The reader will remember that just at the time of the Pennsylvania election Lee was advancing and threatening Meade. The rebel newspapers had openly wished for the success of Judge Woodward's friends as an assistance to the rebellion. His election would have been hailed by all the enemies of the Government as a sign of the yielding spirit of the people, and the bells of Richmond would have rung for joy. Suppose his plan had been adopted, and the soldiers called home to vote. They might have defeated him even more signally than he was defeated; but if, by the consequent weakening of the army, Lee had won a victory in Virginia, the rebel joy would have been the same.

To insist that the soldiers shall vote only upon condition of their coming home is to propose that the army be virtually disbanded from time to time. That is a proposition which it seems hardly possible that any faithful friend of the Government should support; and yet it was in favor of its author that General M'Clellan wrote a letter upon the eve of the election. Is it surprising that Mr. Cox, of Ohio, the next friend of Vallandigham, when he was prophesying the election of that noble patriot as Governor of the State, declared that two hundred thousand Ohioans would escort him from the frontier, and that in 1864, "with Seymour or M'Clellan" as President, all would be sure? *What* would be sure? Merely that the bells of Richmond would ring for joy.

The Union soldiers are merely citizens of the United States fighting for their country and its Government: shall their patriotism and self-sacrifice disfranchise them? Shall every loyal man who volunteers and marches to battle understand that his going has practically strengthened the friends of the enemy behind him? Suppose that the loyal voters enlist, and the disloyal and their friends stay at home and elect a State Government which requires the soldiers to return. Is it not a question whether they have not done more harm than good by going? And do Judge Woodward and his friends suppose that the soldiers do not see and understand it?

A RULE THAT WORKS ONE WAY ONLY.

Mr. Calhoun's famous dogma of sovereign State rights was adopted and defended with a view to the contingency of disunion. It was an adroit appeal to pride which has proved as strong as Calhoun hoped. It was the argument of the rebels for secession, and of their Northern allies for letting them go. In the South it declared that the Constitution was a treaty among equal sovereign States, and that any one might withdraw at its option. In the North it asserted that the national Government had no right "to coerce States," and could not prevent its own destruction. In both it did the work it was designed to do—it connived at the helpless ruin of the Government.

But of our pleasant vices the gods make whips to scourge us. State sovereignty was an admirable doctrine for the purpose of destroying the Union; but when it threatens the Confederacy its own friends howl. Sauce for the goose, it seems, is not sauce for the gander. North Carolina, according to the State-rights doctors, had a perfect right to secede from the Union; but to mention secession from the Confederacy is in their opinion infamy itself. The *Wilmington Journal*, one of the most virulent State-rights papers, exclaims: "The man who would strike down the Confederacy, while at the same time professing extravagant and exclusive veneration for and devotion to North Carolina, deceives, and deceives for a purpose. The thing ought to mark its own reprobation, and this reprobation ought farther to be stamped so plainly by public opinion that the hypocritical cant would for very shame's sake—if shame be left with such men—be silenced forever."

If the word Confederacy be changed to Union there is no more wholesome doctrine than this. But it was just as true before North Carolina plunged into the pit as it is now, and its condemnation is just as applicable to Copperheads at the North now as it always was to secessionists at the South.

COMMON SENSE.

Mr. Thomas Barnes, a member of the British Parliament, lately made a speech to his constituents, in which he said a great many sensible things. One of them is peculiarly applicable to us at this time. In December, 1862, he bought two hundred acres of land in Jamaica and confided it to an agent who believed in freedom for the cultivation of cotton. He paid cash wages, and the first week fifty negroes applied for work, next week fifty more, and then two hundred and thirty. They worked most willingly, so much so that frequently a hundred applicants were turned away; and in one year they had cleared, fenced, and planted two hundred and ten acres of cotton, of which Mr. Barnes laid samples upon the table before him.

"This," says the London *Spectator*, "is practical sense; but it is odd that such an illustration should be necessary to convince an English audience that a negro, like every body else, works hard whenever it is made worth his while. Nobody ever saw an Englishman working until that point had been settled."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

A very remarkable sermon was preached on the last Thanksgiving-day in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, by the pastor, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and was immediately requested for publication by more than sixty gentlemen who represent the most substantial and truly conservative sentiment of that city. The sermon is remarkable because Philadelphia is a city which trade and social ties had peculiarly bound to the South; and because the Episcopal Church has been very slow as a body to discuss any social or political question whatever. But in this discourse there is a glowing exaltation of feeling, a fervent plainness of speech, which is a natural and beautiful tribute to the cause, and a touching illustration of the character of the preacher.

It is a sermon upon the mercies of Reoccupation. Its controlling thought is that the Divine mercies are always "of the character of a reoccupation of some province of mercy which has been inhabited before, but only partially realized and enjoyed." Thus the race begins in Paradise; is not fit for it; falls out, and must struggle back. The child starts with unrealized purity of character, goes astray, and must finally, if he would be happy, become as a little child again. The preacher then pursues his idea into the national blessings of reoccupation: first, that of territory; second, that of the principles and fundamental truths of the Government. And here, of course, he presently comes to the fundamental principle of human rights, personal liberty. In its discussion Mr. Brooks says:

> "Christianity, I believe, will never cease to sorrow that the Church of Christ was led, and not leading, in the crusade against human slavery in the United States....... I rejoice in this last struggle, whereby it is fighting its way into its dishonored grave, of that old miserable creature, the most foolish of all follies, if it had not been the most impious of all impieties, which has been dignified so many years with the name of 'The Bible Argument for Slavery.'" [Alas, J. H. Vermont!] "I can not tell you half my joy—some of you will understand it by your own—when in this most conservative of all conservatisms the Episcopal Church, the reassertion by a Bishop of this same old so-called Bible Argument for Slavery stirred the ministry of this diocese to an utterance which no man can mistake of utter enmity to slavery, and whatever has any thing to do with it."

This is but one of the mercies of reoccupation mentioned by the preacher, who well says that we are not now to thank God for the Revolutionary days, since our own are the memorable days of American history. The discourse is an event, as well as a sermon, and merits the meditation of every thoughtful citizen.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 3. A letter from the Secretary of War relative to military orders concerning elections in Border States was referred to Military Committee.—Several memorials, petitions, and resolutions of no general importance were presented and referred.—The Judiciary Committee, having reported that Mr. Hale, in acting as counsel in certain cases, had violated no law or rule, were discharged from further consideration of the subject.—The Revenue bill was taken up, and an amendment imposing a duty of 60 cents per gallon on all spirits sold or distilled, and removed for consumption before July 1, was adopted.—Mr. Wade introduced a bill repealing the acts allowing goods to be imported into and exported from Canada through the United States free of duty.—The bill providing for a uniform ambulance system was passed.——*February* 4. A memorial was presented and referred asking for aid to promote the emigration of skilled labor into Missouri.—Mr. Lane reported bill setting apart a portion of Texas for citizens of Kansas.—The President was asked, if consistent with the public interest, to furnish information in regard to the Reciprocity treaty with the Sandwich Islands: this he subsequently declined to do.—Resolution passed directing the Secretary of the Interior to sell at auction the public books and documents in his custody.—The bill equalizing the pay of soldiers was taken up. Mr. Fessenden opposed the retrospective feature of the bill, though he was in favor of hereafter paying colored troops the same as whites. Messrs. Wilson, Pomeroy, and Lane of Kansas advocated the retrospective character of the bill as a matter of right and justice. Mr. Wilson said there were about 50,000 colored soldiers, mostly enlisted within the last six months. It was stated that the retrospective feature of the bill would involve an expense of a million and a half of dollars.—The Internal Revenue bill came up; Mr. Hendricks moved an amendment fixing the tax on distilled spirits at 40 cents. He claimed that so high a tax upon an article produced mainly in the Northwest was unjust to that section. Mr. Fessenden replied that we should tax an article to obtain revenue as much as it would bear. Liquor would bear the tax imposed by the Finance Committee, and no matter where the article was produced, the tax fell upon the consumer. In England the tax was double that imposed by the bill. The amendment was rejected; and the bill as amended by the Finance Committee was passed, the tax being 60 cents a gallon.—Adjourned till Monday, Feb. 8.——*February* 8. Mr. Sumner presented petitions from persons of African descent, praying for the privilege of voting. He said that in the last Congress he had presented a similar petition, which was referred to a Committee of which Mr. John Y. Mason, now a rebel, was chairman, who moved that it be returned to the person presenting it; that motion remains upon the records unacted upon.—A petition was presented from citizens of Kentucky praying for compensation for losses occasioned by the rebel invasion: laid over.—Resolutions of the Legislature of Kansas, asking for indemnification for losses occasioned by rebel raids, and a petition from volunteers who enlisted in the autumn of 1862, asking for the bounty of $25, were presented and referred.—Mr. Sumner introduced a bill repealing all laws for the rendition of fugitive slaves, and another securing perfect equality before the law in United States courts, and providing against the exclusion of witnesses on account of color.—He also introduced a series of seven resolutions to the following effect: (1.) That the rebellion is an attempt to found a wicked power on the institution of slavery, and is simply slavery in arms. (2.) That the rebellion can not be crushed without crushing slavery, and slavery can not be crushed without crushing the rebellion; that forbearance and toleration to one is forbearance and toleration to the other; and that it is therefore our supreme duty to utterly destroy slavery in the belligerent region; if this is undone nothing is done, and all our blood and treasure will have been lavished in vain. (3.) That in dealing with this war the National Government is invested with two classes of rights—those of Sovereignty and those of *War;* in virtue of the rights of Sovereignty the belligerent region is subject to the National Government, which is bound to guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and to protect it from invasion; and in virtue of the rights of War the region is subject to all the conditions of warfare, among which is that of giving "indemnity for the past and security for the future." (4.) That in seeking a restoration of the belligerent States the rebellion must not be allowed the least germ of future life, and that any system of reconstruction must be rejected which does not fully provide against the existence or revival of slavery; and that to attain this the Government should maintain a civil and military ascendency over the rebel region of sufficient duration to stamp upon it the character of freedom. (5.) That it is the duty of Congress to see to it that no rebel State is restored to the Union until safeguards are established for all loyal persons, including the new-made freedmen, and especially that no man there may be made a slave; and that the best system of reconstruction is that which most effectually destroys slavery. (6.) That slavery being the enemy of the human race, it is further the duty of Congress to "secure the extinction of slavery even in States professing loyalty." (7.) That, in addition to the guarantees stipulated by Congress, the Constitution should be so amended as to prohibit slavery every where within the limits of the Republic."—Mr. Anthony introduced a joint resolution repealing the joint resolution to amend the Constitution, passed March 2, 1861. [That resolution, which had passed the House by a two-thirds vote, passed the Senate by 24 to 12 on the 2d of March. It is in the following words: "*That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of the State.*"] Mr. Anthony said, in moving the repeal of this resolution, that the repeal would open a certain way for the downfall of slavery. If he had been asked a few years ago whether he would have voted to batter down the walls of Sumter or to invade Virginia, he would have answered No. Yet this and more had been done, because it had been made necessary by those who had entered into this unholy rebellion.—Mr. Saulsbury said that when the resolutions and petitions of Mr. Sumner were presented he had moved for their postponement. He moved that the whole batch go together; we had about as much of the negro as we could bear.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a bill authorizing the people of Nevada and Colorado to form Constitutions and State Governments: referred to Committee on Territories.—The Enlistment bill came up, the special subject of giving freedom to negro recruits and their families being under consideration. Mr. Carlile spoke at length. He did not believe there would be an early cessation of hostilities; the rebels were not, as had been said, on the verge of starvation. The Union could not be restored by the exercise of coercive power by the Federal Government. We should not inaugurate a measure which would render death preferable to reunion. We should distinguish between those who were in arms and those who were willing and anxious for connection with us. In his legislative capacity he would not interfere with slavery in the States; but as a military commander he would use slaves as he would a horse or a wagon abandoned by the enemy. We must conquer our own prejudices before we can conquer the South. A war of conquest was always an interminable one. The Union was as desirable for the seceded States as for us. For three years we have tried the coercive powers of the Government; why not now change our policy, and leave all these irritating subjects to the military department, where they properly belong?——*February* 5. Mr. Sumner called attention to petitions on his desk signed by 100,698 citizens praying Congress to pass an act for the speedy emancipation of persons of African descent. These petitions, he said, were an expression of the voice of the country. Mr. Saulsbury objected to the course of Mr. Sumner in presenting these petitions. He said that when, three years ago, Senators Seward and Crittenden presented petitions asking for the adoption of measures to prevent civil war, a deaf ear was turned to them. If the Crittenden resolutions had been adopted the civil war would have been averted. Mr. Hale said they were not passed because the party with which Mr. Saulsbury acted refused to vote for them. Mr. Saulsbury said that every member of that party voted to take them up, although when an amendment was proposed by Mr. Clark, several Senators, wrongly, as he thought, refused to vote. Mr. Wilson said that the Crittenden proposition was the most wicked ever presented on earth. It recognized slavery south of 36° 30′, forbade the abolition of slavery without the consent of Virginian slavemongers, and took away the rights of colored citizens of the Free States. Messrs. Powell and Saulsbury defended the memory of Mr. Crittenden; Mr. Wilson said that he had no design to asperse the memory of the deceased Senator, for which he entertained a sincere respect; he had only criticised his proposition. Mr. Johnson deprecated the spirit in which the discussion was conducted; every moment of delay was dangerous; whatever was the cause of our troubles, we should devise proper measures to get out of them. The Father of his Country held slaves at the time of his death. Mr. Sumner replied that Washington would appear before the bar of Heaven as the emancipator of his slaves. Mr. Conness said if the Republican party prevented the passage of the Crittenden Compromise he honored them for it. It was introduced at a time when a traitor Cabinet and President were organizing rebellion. The time had come, and we were the ministers to relieve the country from the crime and treason conjoined in African slavery. The petitions were referred.—The Military Committee reported the House bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, striking out the clause making him Commander-in-Chief, and that recommending General Grant for the position.—Mr. Sherman introduced a bill forbidding speculation in gold, silver, and foreign exchange; all time sales to be void, and any partial payments on such to be recoverable: referred to Finance Committee.—Mr. Powell proposed an amendment to the Constitution, giving to each State one elector for each million of population, the States to be divided into electoral districts. The Electoral College to be divided by lot into six classes, each class to choose one from the succeeding class, and of the six thus chosen to be selected by lot one to be President, the other Vice-President: referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The bill for the enlistment of colored troops was called up, and postponed until Thursday, February 11.

HOUSE.—*February* 3. After unimportant business the Confiscation bill was taken up, Mr. Wadsworth speaking against it, and maintaining that this is not a public war between nations, but a civil contest within the States; that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that the laws of war do not authorize the seizure of private property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Enrollment bill, reported from the Senate, came up in Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the $300 exemption clause was rejected, as also an amendment raising the commutation to $400; thus leaving the commutation at $300. Mr. Stevens moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the clause that "If any drafted man shall pay money for the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to relieve such person from the draft in filling that quota, and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future quotas." He said that, according to this amendment, a man paying this commutation would be exempted for three years, while by the bill he would be liable to draft the next day, which would be unjust. Mr. Garfield said that it would be impossible to procure the necessary number of men if this clause was stricken out. Mr. Blaine replied that every commutation paid had produced a man: the clause was stricken out, 79 to 49.—A bill was reported by Mr. Arnold for a ship canal for vessels of war from the Mississippi to the Northern lakes.——*February* 4. After routine business the joint resolution to amend the resolution explanatory of the Confiscation act came up. Mr. Woodbridge maintained that if we adopt the theory that the rebel States are not out of the Union, then confiscation becomes a municipal regulation to operate practically on the property of those who are in armed rebellion against the Government. The rebels have broken the contract, and it is the right and duty of Congress to restrain their persons and confiscate their property. Mr. Kernan asked gentlemen on the Republican side to consider whether confiscation was not destructive of the Government. He would prosecute the war for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, and restoring peace and harmony; but do not make it a war of conquest or extermination; let not the lands of the South go to speculators, to those who follow the army to fatten on the plunder.—Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table: refused, 83 to 71. Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, said that the policy of confiscation is embodied in the living law of the land, and was not therefore before the House. All that had been said by the opponents of the resolution was a waste of time. The rebellion was not to be crushed out by offering olive branches, or by the utterance of honeyed words even from the lips of members of Congress. We expect to see the Southern States rescued from a remorseless aristocracy, and a semi-feudal system destroyed, labor elevated to its just dignity, and such institutions of republicanism established as will secure the future peace and prosperity of the country. Traitors had no right to expect to be shielded from the consequences of their crimes. He made a sharp attack upon Mr. Cox, who had led the opposition, and had furnished the rough material from which all the speeches on that side had been made. The opposition then undertook, by a series of resolutions of adjournment, to prevent action on the resolution, in which they were successful.——*February* 5. The Confiscation resolution was announced by the Speaker to be the pending question, and after some manœuvring it was finally agreed that Messrs. Blair, Smith, and Pruyn should be allowed to speak, after which the question should be taken. Mr. Blair, of Missouri, opposed the resolution, and said that the debate on the resolution evinced that it is the determination of leading men here to compel the President to yield his ground on the subject of confiscation or to divide the party. He then went on to combat the views of Mr. Stevens that our Government had recognized the South as a belligerent power. We had always striven against such recognition. The President considered the insurgent States to be still in the Union. The doctrine advanced by Mr. Stevens, that these States were out of the Union, would permit an entire conquest to be made. That gentleman would substitute a military power for the Constitutional authorities, while the President maintains an entirely different policy for the reconstruction of the Union. Mr. Blair called upon Congress to redeem its pledges, and compensate the loyal Border States for the emancipation of their slaves, and to provide for the colonization of the freedmen. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, advocated the resolution. He said that he was here simply as a Union man. He declared that when a man becomes a traitor to his country, and resorts to arms to overthrow the Government, he forfeits every thing, even to his life. There was no propriety in making distinctions between different kinds of property. If we can take cannon and other effects, we can take negroes and lands. There was no necessity to explain the Confiscation act of 1862. It was not an *ex post facto* law or bill of attainder. It proposed to reach the living man, and said nothing about women and children. Mr. Pruyn, of New York, spoke against the resolution, closing the debate. He defended the course of the Democratic party; while they had been assailed, he said, for views which the great body of them never entertained, they simply asked the Administration to respect the Constitution, and when the Constitution was broken down they had a right to express their dissatisfaction. The assertion of Mr. Stevens that the South has acquired the rights of a belligerent, or independent Government, was a concession of the right of secession. The question was then taken, and the resolution amending the explanatory resolution, which was a part of the Act of July 17, 1862, was passed by a vote of 82 to 74. To understand the precise bearing of this action we must refer to the whole course of legislation on this subject. The Act of July 17, 1862, apparently provided for the confiscation of the entire rights of property of all persons in rebellion. It was understood that the President would veto this Act, on the ground that the Constitution declared that "no attainder of treason should work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted." To obviate this objection of the President an "explanatory resolution" was adopted declaring: "Nor shall any punishment or proceeding under said Act be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the real estate of the offender beyond his natural life." That is to say, In the case of real estate held by traitors, only the life-interest of the offender can be confiscated, leaving the absolute right of his heirs to the fee-simple untouched. The amendment passed by the House makes this resolution to read "That no punishment or proceeding under it shall be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the estate of the offender contrary to the Constitution of the United States. Provided, that no other public warning or proclamation under the Act of July 17, 1862, chapter 95, section 6, is or shall be required than the Proclamation of the President made and published by him on the 25th of July, 1862, which Proclamation, so made, shall be received and held sufficient in all cases now pending or which may hereafter arise under said Act." The joint resolution as thus amended assumes that the absolute right of confiscation of real estate is not prohibited by the Constitution; and that, therefore, in the opinion of the House, the real as well as the personal estate of traitors may be confiscated in fee and not merely for life, as was intended by the original explanatory resolution. It reverses, in effect, a part of the Confiscation bill, without which it would not have been approved by the President when passed. An analysis of the vote on this amendatory resolution will show the drift of national sentiment. The whole number of members is 186; upon this resolution 156 votes were cast, showing that 30 members did not vote. Of the 82 who voted "aye" all are ranked in the Republican party; of the 74 who voted "nay" 60 may be considered as Democrats and "Opposition;" the remaining 14 belong to the Border States: of these 14 eight voted with the Administration for Speaker. Of the 30 members who did not vote 14 are classed as "Administration," and 16 as "Opposition;" supposing that these non-voting members had voted with their respective parties, the vote in a full House would have stood: For the amendment (all "Administration"), 96; against the amendment (including 9 "Administration" votes), 85—a majority of 11 being in its favor; the result on the vote as taken showing a majority of 8. Judging from preliminary votes, it is probable that two or three members on either side would have voted against their party; but the result would have been that on a full vote in a House of 181 members a majority of from 6 to 12 would have approved of the absolute right of confiscation, of the entire right in the property of real estate owners by rebels who refused to avail themselves of the exemptions contained in the President's Proclamation of July 25, 1862.——*February* 8. Bills were introduced and referred: allowing the Secretaries of the Departments to occupy seats on the floor of the House; for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law; for a new Executive Department, to be called the Department of Industry, embracing four bureaus—Agriculture, Freedman's Affairs, Mines, and Immigration—the Secretary to be a Cabinet officer; for repealing the law allowing the transit of goods in original packages through the United States to and from the Canadas; for improving the harbor of Chicago, by a tax on commerce.—Mr. Kinney brought forward a proposition for compensating the people of Utah for losses sustained by Indian depredations.—Thanks were voted to General W. T. Sherman, and the officers and men under his command.—Mr. Blair, of West Virginia, offered resolutions deprecating any attempt to conciliate the leaders of the rebellion; declaring all the rebellious States to be still in the Union, and upon the restoration of peace entitled to all former rights except so far as relates to the holding of slaves, as limited by the President's Emancipation Proclamation; and denying that the seceding States have become a foreign Power.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, but no progress was made; an amendment, offered by Mr. Stevens, subjecting all able-bodied persons of African descent to draft was adopted, but afterward stricken out, together with one of the original sections.——*February* 9. A bill was introduced granting lands to aid in building the Lake Superior Railroad, and providing for its use by the United States free of charge.—The case of Mr. Field, claiming to have been elected to the House from Louisiana, was taken up. In the course of the debate the loyalty of Mr. Field was fully proved, and the conduct of the Military Governor in preventing the election in New Orleans was censured. The resolution of the Committee that Mr. Field was not entitled to a seat was adopted, 87 to 14.—The Enrollment bill was brought up; amendments were rejected exempting from draft clergymen who are not engaged in trade or secular business; giving credit to States and counties for men who have enlisted from them in other States and counties for three years; and one (by 103 to 23), offered by Mr. Fernando Wood, exempting from draft those who, from a disbelief in the humanity, necessity, or eventual success of the war, are opposed to its further prosecution, until an effort has been made and failed to end it by negotiation. A motion to strike out the clause consolidating the two classes of enrolled men was rejected, 60 to 45.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

It is rumored that there is to be a change in the command of this army—that the place now held by Meade, who is confined to his bed by illness, is to be held either by General Hunter or General Thomas. The part which must soon be taken by the Army of the Potomac makes this matter of leadership one of the utmost importance. On Saturday, February 6, an important reconnoissance was made in force by General Sedgwick, involving a movement of a portion of the army to the south side of the Rapidan. When the order came for this advance, Friday night, nearly a thousand ladies, wives of the officers and men, were in camp. One division crossed with little opposition. In the mean time Kilpatrick's cavalry, crossing at Culpepper Ford, scoured the country to Fredericksburg, and finding no enemy returned to camp. The Second and Third divisions of the Second Corps, under General Warren, joined in the main movement, crossing at Morton's Ford. The enemy's outposts were met, and a skirmish followed, in which we lost some two or three hundred men, when our army, having accomplished the purpose of the reconnoissance in the discovery that Lee's army was in front of ours in full strength, returned to camp.

GENERAL KELLEY'S DEPARTMENT.

The operations of the enemy in the vicinity of Moorfield, though at one time they assumed a very threatening aspect, have resulted finally in a complete failure. The mountainous nature of the country in which these operations were conducted, and the unfavorable state of the roads, promised no advantages to an invading force, and it only needed rapidity of movement and a skillful disposition of forces on General Kelley's part to secure a favorable result. Kelley has accomplished his work with success, and Early has not only been forced to withdraw, but to do so under circumstances constituting his withdrawal a serious defeat. Early had for some time been concentrating his troops in the neighborhood of Harrisonburg, with a view to the capture of Petersburg and a raid into Maryland. Kelley, having waited in vain for the enemy to move, allowed a large number of his men to leave on furlough. Then Early made his advance, and it was not long before we heard of the capture by his forces of a train of eighty wagons between New Creek and Petersburg. Thoburn's command at Petersburg being in danger of capture, evacuated that place, and effected a junction with Colonel Mulligan at Ridgeville. These forces, in connection with two columns from Averill's and Sullivan's command, compelled Early to fall back; and in the course of his retreat he made a stand at M'Neil's Ford, near Moorfield, where, being hard pressed by Mulligan, he was compelled to fight. Here our artillery and our advantage in position caused the enemy to be driven back through Moorfield, where he again made a stand, and was again driven back. The pursuit was vigorously sustained, and Early's raid made to end, like his previous attempts, in disastrous failure.

GENERAL BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

Our news from North Carolina this week shows that the enemy are disposed to take a strong position in that State. In so doing they are actuated by three motives: one is to prevent a reactionary movement against the rebel authorities: another, to take advantage of the opportunities which the State offers in the way of forage and supplies for the rebel army: and the third, probably, to prevent a movement of our troops through the State to meet the possible emergencies of the spring campaign. On Monday, February 1, General Palmer's outposts were driven in at Bachelor's Creek, eight miles from Newbern, by a portion of Lee's army, fifteen thousand strong, being compelled to destroy their camps and stores, and suffering in their retreat a loss of from fifty to a hundred men. A force of our cavalry also was repulsed in sight of Fort Totten, and the enemy pressed our lines so closely as to come within hail of our forces at Newbern. On Tuesday they captured the gun-boat *Underwriter*, which formed an important part of the defenses of the city. Then the railroad communication was cut off between Newbern and Beaufort by the possession of Newport, giving the rebels command of the approaches to Newbern by the Neuse. According to the latest official reports, the rebel forces had retired to Kingston, and Newbern was relieved.

A serious fight took place at Smithfield, Virginia, on the 1st of February. An expedition planned by General Graham sailed up the James River and Pagan Creek to Smithfield. Thence, with a force of ninety men, Captain Lee marched to Chuckituk, to co-operate with another detachment which sailed at the same time up the Chuckituk River. On their way they met the enemy, two hundred strong, and, receiving information of a heavy force between them and Chuckituk, returned to Smithfield, and sent for the armed transport *Smith Briggs*. In the mean time the enemy, five hundred strong, attacked Lee, who held out until the transport arrived, repelling the assailants at every attack, and refusing three demands for a surrender of his force. On the arrival of the *Smith Briggs* Lee's force retreated on board, when the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery, and disabled the boat, which was captured by the rebels, Captain Lee and a portion of his men escaping by swimming across the river. The remainder were taken prisoners, and the transport was blown up. In this action the loss of the rebels was considerably heavier than our own.

An expedition into Jones and Onslow counties, four days previous to the one just described, resulted more successfully. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand pounds of pork, seventy bushels of salt, ten thousand pounds of tobacco, and thirty-two barrels of beef were destroyed.

General Butler, however, has not been confining his attention entirely to the defense of Newbern against the rebels, or to raids upon the enemy's stores; he has at the same time had movements in progress up the Peninsula by which our forces have threatened Richmond itself, having advanced to within twelve miles of that city. The expedition, under the command of Brigadier-General Wistar, proceeded from Yorktown, February 6, by way of New Kent Court House. Our cavalry, supported by infantry, drove in the enemy's pickets at Bottom's Bridge the next day. The design of the entire movement was a raid into Richmond for the purpose of liberating our prisoners confined there. But information having reached the enemy through a deserter, Wistar was compelled to give up the enterprise and return to Williamsburg. It was in relation to this movement that General Sedgwick's reconnoissance across the Potomac was undertaken on the 6th.

EAST TENNESSEE.

The rebels have been making some vigorous efforts to take possession of Cumberland Gap, but were successfully repulsed by Colonel Love. Johnston has retreated to Rome, either to obtain supplies or to prevent desertions. Eight or nine thousand of his men have come into the Union lines since the battle of Missionary Ridge. The communication between Chattanooga and Knoxville is uninterrupted, and no anxiety is entertained for the safety of the latter. The rebel General Roddy, at the close of last month was driven to the south side of the Tennessee River, and his whole train, consisting of over 20 mule teams, 200 head of cattle, and 600 sheep, was captured.

Schofield has assumed command of the Department of the Ohio in place of Foster, who has been relieved. Longstreet's head-quarters are at Russelville. He is rapidly repairing his railroad communications with Richmond, preparatory to future movements. An engagement of some importance occurred a few days ago at Fair Garden, between General Sturgis's and the enemy's cavalry under Martin. The latter crossed the French Broad River and advanced against our position near Sevierville. Our advance-guard fell back to an advantageous position on the Newport road. The enemy, following up in pursuit, were then attacked. A desperate fight ensued, in which sabres were drawn and generals with their staffs joined in the hand-to-hand contest. The rebels gave way and were pursued by our troops, who captured two pieces of artillery and a hundred prisoners. This victory gives us the possession of the French Broad Valley, which is absolutely necessary to the enemy's cavalry, being his only resource for forage.

MOVEMENTS BY GENERAL BANKS.

On the 5th of February, our forces, consisting of six regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and two batteries, crossed the Big Black River, a movement preliminary to an advance against Mobile from the Northwest. If we may trust the Southern report, the entire force engaged in this movement is thirty thousand. The Big Black empties into the Mississippi at Grand Gulf, a few miles below Vicksburg. Our forces crossed the river at a point a few miles east of Vicksburg, and at the same time a movement was made across the Yazoo, in the immediate neighborhood, by our cavalry. These operations have for their object, first, to cut the railroad by which Mobile communicates with the East, and then to co-operate with our navy by a flank attack on Mobile.

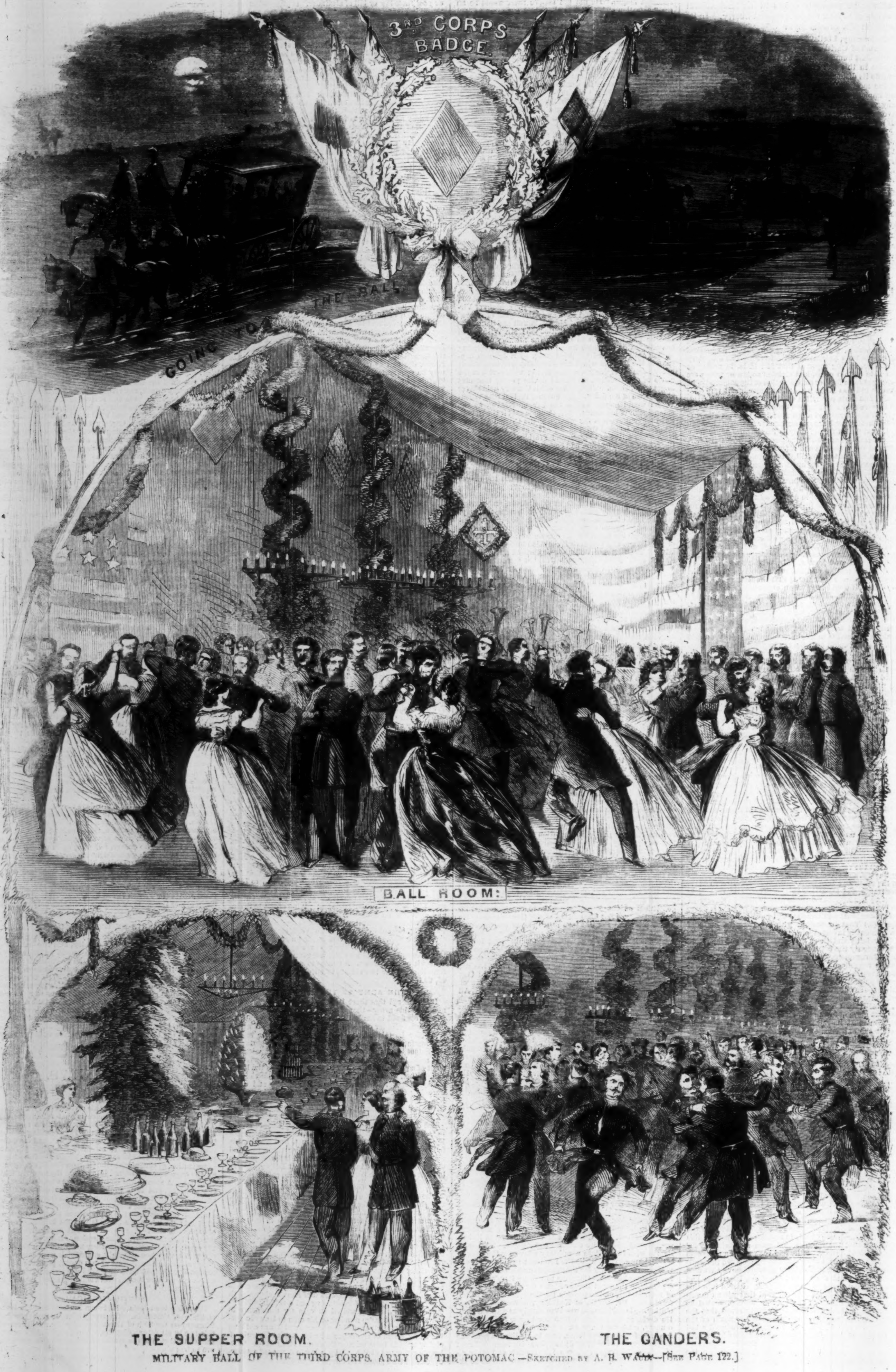
FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE European intelligence this week is very meagre. The only news of any importance is that relating to the Schleswig-Holstein question. The probabilities now are that there will be no war. Denmark, according to the latest reports, is anxious to avert hostilities, and only demands a sufficient delay to assemble the Rigsraad, and promises with its concurrence to withdraw the November Constitution, so obnoxious to the German States, and to fulfill the engagements entered into toward Germany in 1851 and 1852. A month will be needed for the convocation of the Rigsraad, and it is probable that the delay will be granted, and that no Austrian or Prussian troops will cross the Eider. In taking this amicable attitude Denmark is doubtless influenced by the expression of public opinion in England; for while the latter is opposed to the invasion of Denmark, she is also opposed to any oppressive measures against Germany. The London *Times*, of January 21, says: "If Denmark has suspended the Constitution, she will have taken the only step which was wanting to deprive the German Powers of any decent pretext for hostilities, and she will have displayed a power of self-control which will gain for her an overwhelming moral support in foreign countries."

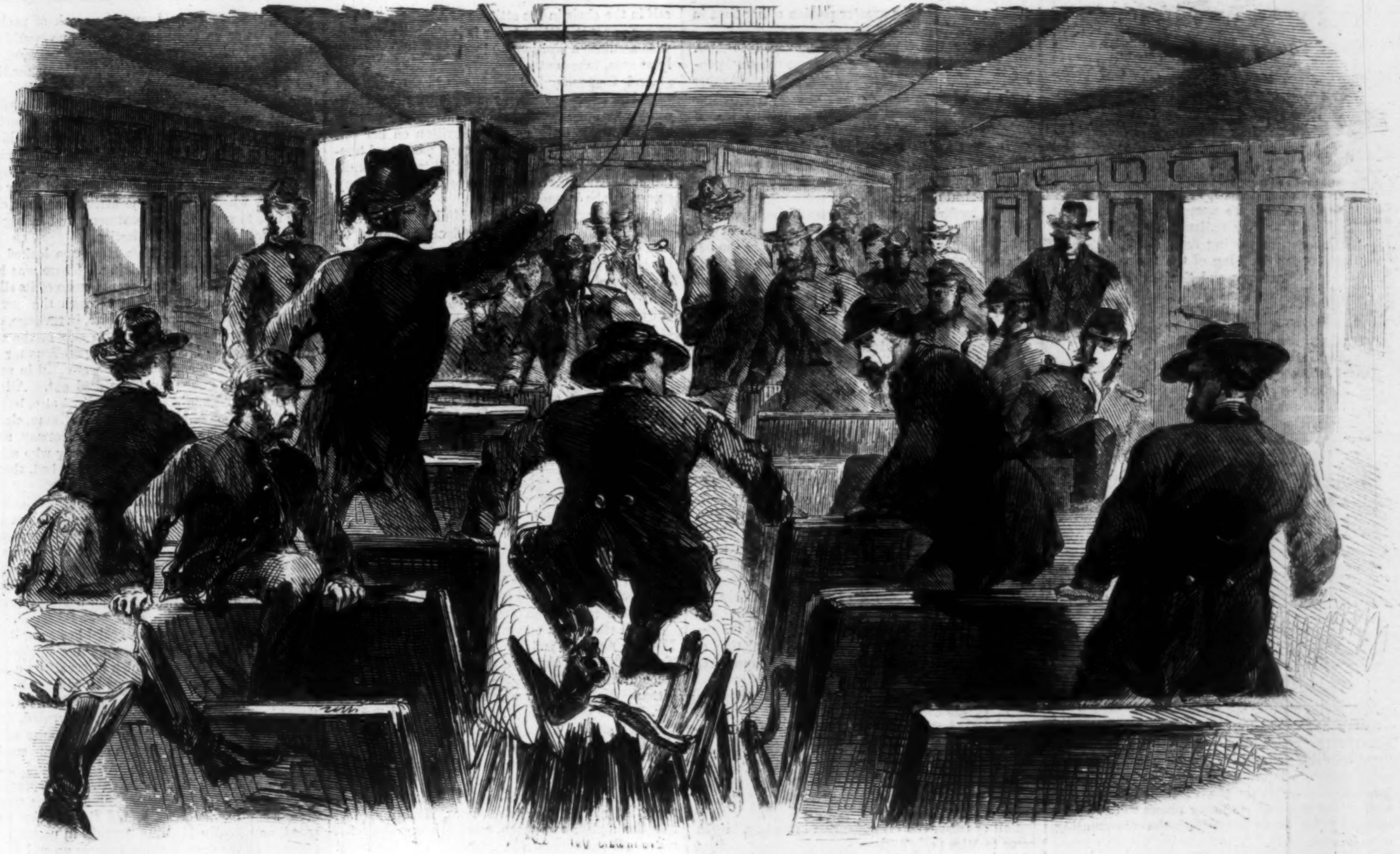
SOUTH AMERICA.

Peace has been declared between Ecuador and the United States of Columbia. The treaty of peace was signed at Pinsaqui on the 30th of December. By the conditions of this treaty all future disputes are to be settled by peaceful arbitration, and the armies of the respective countries are to be reduced to a number not greater than is actually necessary. Mosquera has evacuated Ecuador.


3RD CORPS BADGE
GOING TO THE BALL
BALL ROOM:

THE SUPPER ROOM. THE GANDERS.

MILITARY BALL OF THE THIRD CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 122.]



RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN KENTUCKY.

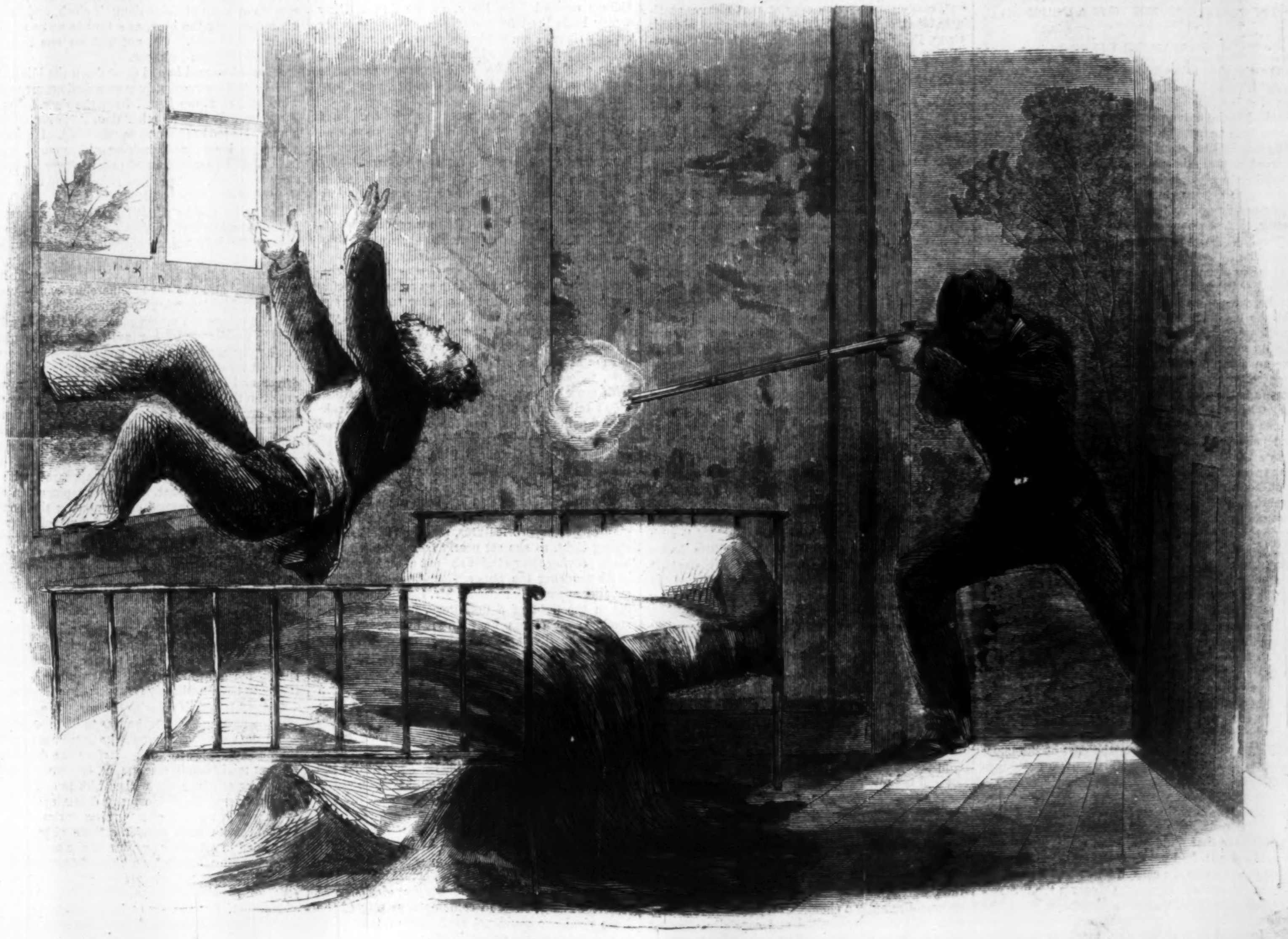
RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

We represent, through a sketch from one of our special artists, A Scene on board a Railroad Car at the time of the late accident on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, near Lebanon Junction. The principal cause of most of these accidents has been the effect of intensely cold weather on the iron rails, which, becoming filled with frost, are made brittle and easily broken. Says our correspondent: "A leading railroad man said to me a short time since, 'You do not see any railroad men on the cars in this weather unless it is absolutely unavoidable.'"

In case of accidents arising from the above cause there is unusual confusion on board. In addition to the chances of being hurled down some steep embankment there is the havoc made in the floor by the torn-up rails breaking through into the car, while the helpless passengers are jostled from one side of the car to the other. No one can realize the position except by actual experience.

THE DEATH OF GUERRILLA BURROUGHS.

A few days ago a negro sentinel belonging to Colonel John A. Nelson's regiment shot Burroughs for attempting to escape from the small-pox hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia. We give a sketch representing this interesting incident on this page. Burroughs was captured shortly after Butler assumed command of the Department, was tried, and sentenced to death as a guerrilla; and while awaiting execution was seized with the small-pox and conveyed to the hospital. Colonel Whelden, upon his convalescence, gave orders for his removal to the jail; but the Lieutenant commissioned to execute these orders brought no warrant, and was refused admission by the sentinel, who was a negro. Burroughs, supposing from the altercation that friends had come to his assistance, tried to escape through the window. On hearing the noise the sentinel opened the door, and seeing the prisoner in the act of passing out fired at him and killed him.



THE NEGRO SENTINEL SHOOTING THE GUERRILLA BURROUGHS.

THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

Ho for the Flag of the Union!
Let it float out free and fair,
For we love it like the sunshine,
And the stars and azure air.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

From tower, and mast, and belfry,
From the church's sacred spire,
Fling out its starry radiance,
Fling out its waving fire!
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

Ay, brothers, let us love it,
And let every heart be true,
And let every arm be ready,
For we've glorious work to do.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

Dear Flag, thy radiant glory
A loyal nation greets,
Ten million hearts are beating
As the heart of one man beats.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

GEN. GRANT CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND.

We give on page 113 an interesting sketch of Grant's Journey across the Mountains from Knoxville to Louisville, a tour involving great hardships, but in a measure necessary, in order to obtain information of the country. The journey was made in the severest days of the winter, and the roads in many places were so covered with ice as to necessitate the dismounting of the entire party. The route lay through Cumberland Gap to Barboursville, where the General arrived on the 7th of January, and thence through London and Lexington, thus leading across two mountain ridges. The sketch represents Grant and his immediate party, with a number of orderlies in the rear, passing through the Cumberland Gap, the mountains towering above them on all sides, and presenting a scene of unrivaled picturesqueness.

[From Charles Dickens's "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

On the day after Miss Polly-my-Lamb Humpage's little indisposition, that young lady, discovering that her lace required no further examination, repaired to the drawing-room about, nay, peradventure a little before, the noontide hour. Such an odd little face looked out at her from the great mirror! It was like that of a spoiled school-pet, who, having played truant, steals into her place, half penitent, yet exultingly convinced of foregone forgiveness. Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and, smiling, looked so pretty, that she pardoned herself on the spot.

Twelve. Miss Humpage had resolved not even to glance by accident at the window till the clock had fairly struck; but she would do *something* to show her interest; and, accordingly, at the second stroke, turned and glided to the window. What did she behold? A broad black velvet back and shoulders, a head, with golden curls, slightly inclining toward the right shoulder, as though studying an effect, the edge of a pallet, and the top of an easel. Mr. Haggerdorn was at work—at work upon a battle-piece! Yes, it was evident, from the fury with which he every now and then returned to the assault, that it *was* a martial subject, the glow and passion of it mounting, like a blush, visible across the street, to the very brow of the canvas. For two full minutes Polly remained rooted to the spot, her pretty lips half opened, and her soft brown eyebrows raised. Then, recollecting herself, she moved quickly away, still, however, observing—how could she help it? as she idled busily about the room—that the work went eagerly forward, and never ceased, until the clock struck one.

And *now*, remarked something within Polly's breast, the gentleman will perhaps turn round; but it's rather of the latest, we imagine!

Mr. Haggerdorn doubtless thought so too; for though that gentleman did revolve, and, pretending to draw down the blind, was at especial pains to untie a knot in the cord, he never so much as glanced across the road, but adjusted the blind to his fancy, and withdrew to dinner.

The next day, and the next, presented the like phenomenon of professional abstraction, and total indifference to neighbors, on the part of the black velvet body; and during this period Polly-my-Lamb passed through such a variety of mental conditions as filled her with astonishment. Surprise, anger, regret, impatience, disappointment, love, assailed the poor little heart in turn—sometimes all together—so that none could tell what might have been the result, had not this conflict of parties ended, as is generally the case in wider revolutions, by the sudden triumph of one. Of course the new fetters galled a little, and Miss Humpage, from the liveliest and sweetest of companions, became silent, cold, inclined to solitude, nay, touching so nearly upon the morose, that poor Miss Serocold, extremely puzzled, decided upon leaving the matter to cure itself, and passed the greater portion of her time in her own chamber.

Whether the tidings were conveyed to Mrs. Goodall, nurse, in the course of some return "pop-over" on the part of Mrs. Ascroft, or to what other little bird is due the carriage of this matter, was never clearly ascertained. Certain it is, that it quickly became known at number twenty-seven, with singular circumstantiality, that Mr. Haggerdorn had received a commission from a wealthy Portuguese merchant to execute an important family historical picture.

This, by far the most ambitious of the young artist's attempts, was to be called the Battle at the Bridge, and was illustrative of a passage in the life of a beautiful ancestress of Señor Torre-Diaz, who had been abducted (voluntarily) from her father's castle by her lover and a band of chosen cavaliers.

A couple of hundred of the friends of the house assembled with an alacrity only permissible on canvas, pursued the fugitives, and overtook them at a bridge (without a parapet, as in all bridge battles, for greater convenience in flinging over), upon whose slippery surface five noble cavaliers took post to abide the onset. The moment grasped by the painter is that in which the young lady hesitates for an instant whether to continue her flight, or avert the bloody struggle by returning to her officious kin. No wonder our young enthusiast was enthralled by such a subject! The picture was, moreover, to be completed in nine days, and, as yet, he had not touched the heroine's face, which, to do any thing like justice to, must be of surpassing loveliness. There was, no doubt, a difficulty in obtaining a model of sufficient beauty.

Miss Humpage listened with a calm disdain, as Mrs. Goodall, affecting to dust some pet china, detailed by installments the above particulars, but the idea of allotting nine days for the completion of such a work, by such a hand, almost upset her gravity.

Nine days? Nurse must have been mistaken in *that*. It was no matter.

Mrs. Goodall vindicated her memory. Remembered distinctly, 'cause of the poor young man.

How, because of— It did not signify. Miss Humpage required her smallest scissors.

Him that was all but a-dying a few days ago, to think of tossing on the salt seas.

Salt or fresh, the very mention brought a bright color to Miss Polly's cheek.

Was—was he going abroad, then? She thought—that—it really was of no consequence. And a bit of bobbin.

But the glances at the window were more frequent that day.

A Turkish lady, whose rich husband had dowered and deserted her, told a friend of the writer's that her heart was changed to "black velvet." Too frequent association with a similar material was certainly beginning to tell on Polly's.

The picture proceeded, nay, rather went dashing, plunging on toward completion. With the exception of the hour allotted to dinner, the artist passed his whole time, till dusk, at the easel, turning with the regularity of the clock itself, at the stroke of *one*, casting up his fine eyes at that always-obstinate blind, but never suffered them to stray abroad. Once, Polly thought of placing herself experimentally at the window, irrespective of any hour, but this idea was smothered as soon as born. It was too like asking an alms, and though her heart was full of tears and bursting for charity, better die than demand it.

The situation was becoming intolerable. There was something worrying in this speechless misunderstanding, to which the ordinary opportunities of reconciliation were denied. What a very irritable young man Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn must be! All this anger and—and—obstinacy, for a little caprice! And even if it *were* a caprice, was it not fit and maidenly, and—and—so far from vexing herself any more about this person, or even thinking about him.........What *could* he mean, now, by retaining that face—his heroine's—*blank?* Artists loved to introduce familiar faces into their more important compositions. Mr. Haggerdorn might have a relative, a cousin, some friend, you know, or even a strange countenance might have caught his errant fancy. Now whose? It (the face) *must* be beautiful, or it would spoil all. Polly chanced to look up, and caught sight in the glass of a cheek so dyed in blushes that she stamped her little foot with passion.

"I think I am bewitched," said Polly-my-Lamb. "But I'll be stronger than the spell. Snap. There it goes! Henceforth, till I am mistress of my own thoughts, I'll—sit in the next room. Intrude *there* if you can!"

As she flung the defiance toward the object apostrophized, Polly involuntarily accompanied it with a parting look. As she did so, the little hands tightened on the velvet arms of the chair, she half lifted herself with unconscious contraction of the muscles, while the rich color flickered like a furling banner, and passed utterly away.

Another figure was visible in the artist's room. A beautiful—ah, *how* beautiful!—face looked gayly up to the head that crowned the black velvet body. Clear olive skin, dazzling teeth, almond eyes, braided hair—the Portuguese beauty herself! If such had been the real fugitive, far less surprising is it that five rational individuals, with no particular interest in the matter, and each, probably, with an Inez of his own, should have taken post upon that slippery bridge, with the certainty that if the enemy did not pitch them over the artist would.

The two were not alone. A very tall gentleman, with long, drooping mustaches, was apparently engaged in criticising the unfinished picture, but not enjoying the undivided attention of his two companions.

Polly-my-Lamb, from her position, invisible to the party, remained in a manner fascinated by the scene. Presently a change took place in the grouping. A chair was raised and carefully adjusted upon a small platform. The young lady, with a laugh, shook her lustrous hair into disorder, threw a wild look into her splendid eyes, and placed herself in the chair in the attitude of a "sitter." The father—or is it brother?—or is it guardian?—likewise assumes a position, and yet, to appear perfectly at ease, takes out a cigarette.

And Inez sits, looking like Cleopatra at her very best—perhaps when she gave that first state-dinner to hook-nosed Julius, and all the worries about Antony were as yet unwritten on her soft brown cheek; and Inez smiles, and pouts, and tosses her proud little head, and—what is that scintillation? The sparkle of her eye? No. On my sincerity, she is smoking too!

Inez was evidently a very willful, petted person, one accustomed to give a considerable amount of trouble. She appeared to talk incessantly, holding the cigarette all the while between her pearly teeth. She skipped off the chair at intervals of three-quarters of a minute to peep over the artist's shoulder, and see what progress had been made. She roused the tall cavalier, who had subsided into a doze, and ordered him to tie her sandal, holding out her small foot from the dais. As for young Haggerdorn, he painted faithfully on, as for very life; and well he might, for, in a brief space, Señora Inez, starting suddenly to her feet, threw down the chair and announced the sitting at an end. It had lasted about twenty-five minutes. To Polly-my-Lamb it had seemed as many hours.

That evening's declining sun caught Mistress Ascroft popping over—albeit uninvited—to tea. It had proved impossible for her gossip-soul to carry, of itself, the burden of "that day's great business"—the first appearance and sitting—or fidgeting—of Inez.

It turned out that her name was not Inez at all. That was our conjecture only. She was called the Señora Theresa Felicia Torre-Diaz.

Of all the lovely creatures that had come across Mistress Ascroft—and they was a many—the Señora Torre-Diaz was the beautifulest, by a handful. Though haughty as a queen, she was lively as a kitten. Nobody knew whether to adore or to hate her. Some does both. As for Master Arthur, *he* was just mad. What had occasioned the sudden change, she, Mistress Ascroft, could not divine; but leastwise since Friday week, the Señora Torre-Diaz was every thing, and more, to that young man. He talked and thought of nothing else. He worked at the great picture hour after hour, sometimes far into the night; and when, once, Mistress Ascroft, out of all patience, walked steadily into the room and blew out his candles, so frightened her, by painting frantically on in the dark, that the good lady ran down stairs, and never interfered again.

Finally, it was understood that the picture was to be finished eight days from thence, and delivered over to the Señor Antonio Torre-Diaz, the señora's uncle, in consideration of as many Portugal crowns as would defray the cost of a journey to Newfoundland, in Holland, a journey upon which Master Haggerdorn would set forth on the day succeeding the bargain and sale; while the señor and señora would follow, some months hence, in a ship entirely the señor's own, likewise bound for Newfoundland, in Holland.

Such, at all events, was the form in which the tidings reached Miss Polly, as she prepared her weary little head for the pillow. Whether it lay quietly there, I am not bound to say. Surely it is sufficiently irritating, without entering into details, to be obliged to confess one's heroine a woman, a creature of hope and fear, passion and pride, love and jealousy.

Every day the work went bravely on. Did Polly see it? Of course she did. There was no resisting the fascination. No doubt, she ought to have done any thing else in the wide world—fled into Shropshire, bricked up her windows, fallen sick, made vows, and tried to keep them. Any thing (almost) would have better become a well-educated young lady, with feelings properly blunted, and the teeth of sentiment duly drawn, than wandering restlessly to and fro, hiding, as though from very self, in the darkness of some inner room, creeping half-guiltily back into an outer; glancing fearfully forth; bursting into bitter tears; stamping her small foot. Oh Polly, Polly, who do you think will care for *any* young lady who yields herself up to an anguish so excessively ill-bred as—as—I am almost ashamed to speak it, jealousy? At first, indeed, I was disposed to regard your fault with some indulgence, but this is willful obstin—Don't talk to me of feelings, miss! I am speaking of polite breeding and the exigencies of good society, with which "feeling" has no manner of concern. Very fortunate it is, Miss Humpage, that we are alone, and that you can rely upon my secrecy.

The Señora Torre-Diaz had been more docile of late—believing, in fact, like the best of sitters—the play of her superb features, plainly visible in the strong light, as she sat nearly facing the window, alone proving the restraint she put upon herself.

As touching the Señor Torre-Diaz, that noble cavalier apparently regarded Mr. Haggerdorn's studio in the light of a dormitory. Sometimes he smoked; at others he didn't; but whether he smoked or didn't smoke three minutes seldom elapsed before the señor's spirit departed from Jermyn Street into the land of dreams.

It was within one day of the allotted time, when poor Polly, lying wearily on the sofa, with a book in her hand, but eyes ever straying from the page, saw the black velvet body suddenly fling pallet one way, brush the other, and clasp its hands as in a violent ebullition of feeling! Apparently, the beautiful sitter caught the infection. Leaping lightly from her seat, she motioned both the artist and the awakened señor impatiently aside, and, standing before the picture, expressed by every graceful childlike gesture the utmost delight.

It was clear the work was finished, and triumphantly. Well might the Señora Theresa exult. But where was the need of displaying that glorious face at the window, as if in contemptuous pity of the little rival she could not see? Pressing her pale face down upon the sofa cushions, Polly groaned.

News, in effect, did reach number twenty-seven that evening, importing that the picture was completed, the money paid, and the work of packing begun. For on the next day but one would sail the ship *Good Adventure* for Helvoetsluys, and, not to lose passage, the young artist must leave for Harwich early on the morrow.

Aunt Serocold was Polly's companion the whole of that evening, and the latter, spite of a sort of dull fire that seemed burning at her heart, could not but feel grateful for the kind solicitude with which her friend essayed to win her from herself. But to converse freely was an impossibility, and Polly was not sorry when kissing-time arrived, and set each lady free to retire to her apartment, and indulge in her respective train of meditation.

Before withdrawing, Miss Humpage looked out to see if the stars were shining. There was husbandry in heaven. At all events, none of its silver candles were distinguishable through the tawny, towny atmosphere; but there were, in revenge, certain coruscations on the opposite side of the way which seemed to indicate that preparations for the departure of the young traveler were still in progress. One by one, even these died out. All became dark, and might have been silent also, but for the interposition of an infirm old gentleman, clad in several coats, who hobbled along the footway, mentioning for the advantage of any body who might peradventure have forgotten to go to bed, that it was past twelve o'clock.

It is not written in my notes at what precise hour Miss Humpage rose on the following day; but I do know that when, at nine o'clock, a hackney-coach, once, as it seemed, the property of a marquis of florid taste, tumbled up to Mrs. Ascroft's door and fell into a jingling halt, Polly-my-Lamb, fully dressed, and pacing her drawing-room, not only heard, but saw it.

There appeared to be no especial haste, for it was twenty minutes or more before any notice was taken of the vehicle, during which interval the coachman dozed, with a bit of straw in his mouth and his chin on his breast, as if he were sucking up some "cobbler" or "julep" (neither then invented, I believe), that lay concealed among the capes of his rusty coat. At the expiration of that time sundry articles of baggage, well secured, as though for a voyage, began to be brought out, and disposed in and about the coach. Two or three persons, neighbors, went in, doubtless to bid the traveler good speed, and finally Mistress Ascroft, in person, was revealed at the door, looking eagerly up and down, as if to ascertain, first, whether it had dared to rain; secondly, whether any, and if so, what change befitting the melancholy occasion Jermyn Street had undergone.

But Polly's eyes, as she stood far back in the room, were riveted upon one window, for across its field, a black-velvet figure had glided once and again. For twelve days the face had been averted. Would he *now* come to the window? Would he? would he? Polly shuddered at the earnestness with which she caught herself muttering the words . . . . . Oh, what matter now? She would forgive all, bear all, if that comfort might only be. Why does he linger in the room, passing, repassing? He starts. They are calling him from below. The coachman looks at Saint James's clock, and lashes his horses over the eyes, as a hint to wake and be ready. And *now*. Oh, not without one look, to make friends, one look, *one*.

A maid bounced in and drew down the blind!

Polly had unconsciously approached nearer to the window. A figure issued from the door. No, it is not he. It is none other than little Mr. Hartshorne. He too has been to say farewell. He waves a parting hand; and, looking sad enough, turns away—glares across toward number twenty-seven, stops suddenly, makes three skips to the door, and rings sharply at the bell!

Before he can be admitted maid Kezia presents Miss Serocold's love. Miss Humpage is not to be uneasy, the lady has an alarming dizziness in her front tooth. Happening to observe Mr. Hartshorne passing, and to catch his eye, Miss Serocold had waved etiquette and her handkerchief—and—yes—there was his step going up stairs.

Polly murmured some condolence; then dismissing the maid, resumed her invisible watch, longing, yet hardly hoping, to catch one glimpse of the estranged face as it passed to the carriage. Both driver and horses had relapsed into slumber, and not even the deep voice of St. James's, chiming the hour, aroused them to the consciousness of time's progress. It was now ten o'clock, and the Harwich post-coach quitted the suburban yard at eleven.

Suddenly Mistress Ascroft reappeared with a small provision-basket. This she placed in the coach; but then, instead of re-entering the house, to Polly's great surprise, walked hurriedly across the road, and bestowed on the door of number twenty-seven a knock which, soft and modest though it was, thrilled the lady of that mansion from head to foot. Her heart gave a jump, then subsided into a low tremble. Mrs. Goodall appeared, with a singular message.

"The respectful duty of young Mr. Haggerdorn. If Miss Humpage condescended to retain any favorable recollection of Mr. H.'s former pictures, would she be pleased to inspect his latest effort? If so, it should be immediately transported to the house."

Polly felt herself color to the very brows. This was the parting shot! She was to learn what love could do, in transferring to the inanimate canvas the perfections of its idol. Refuse she dared not, for that might imply resentment, or wounded pride, of neither of which she wished him to believe that she considered his fickle fancy deserving. Then, too, she was sensible of a burning curiosity to see how far, with such slender artistic gifts, he had succeeded in arresting any one of the beautiful but ever-changing expressions that characterized the face of his new favorite. She signified a cool assent.

Nothing, perhaps, could have better tended to restore Polly's mind to its usual balance than the heartless revenge—or was it vanity?—of her recreant lover; and, by the time she received intimation that the picture awaited her in the parlor, and that the artist had attended it in person, she was prepared to descend with a calm and dignity that literally astonished herself.

On the landing-place Polly was greeted by Mr. Hartshorne and her much-recovered aunt, and together they proceeded to the parlor.

There, on an extemporized easel, stood the wonderful picture, shrouded from view, as yet, in a green cloth, which Mr. Haggerdorn, grasping with a somewhat agitated hand, prepared to twitch off on the young lady's entrance.

He bowed respectfully and murmured some words, to which Polly, not comprehending them very clearly, returned an almost inarticulate reply. She made a slight movement with her hand. Off went the cover.

A mass of things in violent action, trampling chargers, frightened oxen, furious men, crimson dust, blue trees, green heavens, a rushing cataract, a peaked bridge, all these, and more, much more, though present, were scarcely seen, for Polly's eyes were nailed upon the prominent figure, a noble damsel on a palfrey, which looked as if painted in Irish butter, who, pausing in her headlong flight as the shock of arms reached her, reined round her cowslip-colored steed, and, with wild ringlets and dilated eyes, seemed to ask counsel of the spectator what upon earth she should do?

And well might Miss Humpage involuntarily open *her* blue eyes, for not only was the countenance Polly's own, but it was executed with a precision unsurpassable in art! Nor was the minute finish of the portrait one whit less extraordinary than the resemblance of feature. In that one little gem of a face genius had been content to vindicate itself: but *that* so thoroughly that all the surrounding extravagance and impossibility were absolutely forgotten or overborne. Quentin Matsys—Arthur Haggerdorn—other little boys—love's Royal Academy possesses the finest schools of art in the world!

For a few seconds Polly stood gazing as if in a dream; then, awaking, found herself alone. Not quite alone, for the young artist was kneeling at her feet, kissing the little passive hand, exclaiming in a tongue I dare not offer to render in the original (how Polly managed to interpret it I never could understand), that she was, had been, ever would be, his life, his soul, his treasure, star, angel, and the holder of so many other honorary and incongruous appointments, that it is to be hoped some, at least, were sinecures. Passionately inquired if Polly believed he could have quitted England without one gracious look? Explained that, when Polly ceased to appear at the window, he, in dread of having offended, vowed never again to court that happiness, until he had prepared a proof (behold it!) that he needed not another glance to impress her darling image forever and forever on his soul!

That the Señor Torre-Diaz, though given to sleep in studios, was awake to every generous impulse, had a pretty taste for art, and was his poor mother's only friend.

That the señora—(caprice itself)—liked the fun of sitting for somebody else's picture beyond every thing, flinging herself and dress into the most graceful attitudes and bewitching folds, and half crying, like a spoiled child, that English manners forbad the possibility of her being a witness of the surprise Miss Humpage must evince on seeing the finished work.

The rest of Mr. Haggerdorn's observations were couched in the purest dialect of the Low Countries, which I don't speak.

As for Polly, her feelings—so far as they were susceptible of analysis—included a sense of recovering from the concussion of a shower-bath, dancing a saraband, witnessing a disorderly review, and stretching over a precipice at the risk of her neck, to catch the accents of an Æolian harp. Taking her situation in the general, Miss Humpage can only be likened to the commandant of a fortress, who has crammed it with brave defenders, but forgotten his commissariat. The pride and resentment stored up in Polly's heart were altogether disproportioned to the gentler thoughts now crowding back, nay, even peeping out, esurient as ever, from their original cells, as though they had never been out? Why, therefore, prolong a hopeless defense? As well surrender frankly; at least so far as to acknowledge the commanding position of the foe. For there was a further consideration.

Polly-my-Lamb did not take away her hand; but she looked down with a sort of grave, sweet pity upon the young suitor; then gently bade him rise and follow her.

He did so mechanically, hardly conscious of what was passing, till he found himself standing in front of the picture of a benevolent-looking old gentleman, in a brown coat and powdered wig, who appeared to smile on both of them.

Polly raised her hand.

"There is my answer," she said, her tears falling. "I have sworn to him, before Heaven, a calm, irrevocable vow. By virtue of that pledge I may never marry until my father's murder is avenged, nor *then*, unless it be the man who avenges it."

"You promise *zat?*" asked young Haggerdorn, with startling abruptness. "To be ze wife of him who shall track your father's murderers?"

"At least of no one else," replied Polly, firmly but mournfully.

"Ah! promise, promise! All, zen, shall be most well!"

"Well?"

"Smile not, dear young dames. There is power, I in my withinmost spirit believe, to do zis thing. Love can every thing contrive. Shall he not take one prisoner? I love you. Good. I am painter. Again, I love you. Good. I am avenger. Now, promise!"

Polly looked at him in amazement.

"*You!*" said she, incredulously: yet gradually inclining, as she gazed on those bright, animated features, to partake his enthusiasm. "Alas! Mr. Haggerdorn, what can you have learned of the haunts and hiding-places of crime? How can you, young, strange, inexperienced almost as myself, hope for success, where men, bold and cunning, trained to the work of detection, have owned themselves defeated? How—"

"Only *promise*," reiterated the young man. (She hesitated.) "Not to *me*—not to Arthur Haggerdorn; but to him, young or old, or little, or poor, who shall fulfill zis dutiful desire. For the love of Heaven, promise."

Polly surrendered at discretion.

"I do promise," said she. Then, with a pitiful certainty of the disappointment he was incurring, when his excitement should have subsided, she added, "Reflect, however, for one moment, Mr. Haggerdorn. You have no clew, not even a suspicion to guide your efforts. This is building on air."

"You have promised. Zat is no more but success!" was the confident rejoinder. "Ze magistrate—*he* found a clew."

"Ay, here it is," said Polly, taking from a cabinet the mysterious snuff-box which Sir James Polhill, at her request, had committed to her custody. "And what has this told us? It is more than doubtful if the person suspected to have been its owner had any share in my father's murder, and if he had, the wretch has escaped us, and left the country."

"Whither, think they, he has fled?"

"To France—to Holland—to America—who knows? There is safe refuge on either shore for the miscreants."

"To Holland? I, too, thither go. Something points me that way. Remember only your gracious promise, dear lady, and all is done. Trust to me zat box—it shall be my guide. In fourteen weeks I will restore it, and with it I will bring you my own self the murderer—I swear it. I *know* it. You have promised."

Polly mechanically placed it in his hand.

"I *have* promised."

"It is enough: I ask not more. Farewell—farewell!"

As he stooped to kiss her hand, Mr. Hartshorne and Miss Serocold rejoined them, as quietly as they had withdrawn. There was a singular expression on the latter's face, and even Mr. Hartshorne lacked something of his accustomed perfect self-possession—a fact he, however, tried to cover with an embarrassed laugh.

"Your coachman's sleeping powers are exhausted, Arthur," he said. "He has driven off!"

"He has driven!" said Arthur, not, however, evincing any remarkable consternation.

"Baggage and all. Don't be alarmed. He will return in the afternoon, in time to convey you to the extra post-coach, which, as we have learned, will go to Harwich to-night, with government property and passengers. I have one word to—to say to you," added the little doctor, hesitating, "if Miss Humpage will pardon."

As he drew Arthur aside, Miss Serocold sidled up to her friend, and, taking her hand, pressed it with a significance of congratulation with which Polly, though grateful, could have dispensed.

"Darling, I am so happy!" murmured the elder lady.

Polly intimated her satisfaction, trying, nevertheless, to look as though she accepted it rather as a pleasing fact in their domestic history than as implying any new phase of feeling.

"So very—*very* blest!" continued Miss Serocold. "Such a sudden wave of joy!"

"Blest! Wave!" said Polly. "My dear aunt—I—"

"Can not realize the pleasing pain!" said her friend, sentimentally. "No more can I. That he should have snatched the first moment—"

"The last—" murmured Polly.

"When we had not set eyes on each other these five weeks, to ask me to be his."

"Whose, aunt?"

"Hartshorne's—John's, my love. To whom *was* I referring, do you imagine?" asked her friend, softly.

Polly looked at her—she was not jesting. It was clearly no delusion now. Miss Humpage returned the pressure of her friend's hand with what gravity she might.

"But how, dear aunt," inquired the curious young lady, presently, "has your lover conducted his wooing? Surely *to-day* was not the first—"

"We have corresponded, dear," replied Miss Serocold, with a becoming blush. "It—it began with pulsatilla, and ended in—in—*this*. John would like to have called, of course: but he is the most thoughtful, the most considerate— He knew, by some means, that you were not in good spirits, and feared that the sight of others' happiness might only increase your melancholy. But, this morning—I was in trouble, you know—and—and—he spoke."

"Oh!" said Polly.

Mr. Hartshorne, who had only prolonged his confidences with Arthur until his betrothed had communicated *her* secret, now approached Miss Humpage, and paid his compliments with an ease that, under the circumstances, did him great credit, after which he took his hat to withdraw. Arthur, though less self-possessed, was sensible that he too should take his leave.

Not another word, and but one more look, followed between the pair. That sufficed. On the one side it ratified the promise; on the other, reiterated the assurance of success. Four or five hours later the sleepy coachman returned, and without being permitted the briefest interval of repose, transported Mr. Haggerdorn to the yard of the Merry Privateer, Tower Links, whence the extra post-coach was to depart for Harwich.

CHAPTER VIII.

Not yet was the business of that eventful day complete.

Polly-my-Lamb sat before the picture of her father in deep meditation, not unmingled with self-reproach, as she remembered how freely, of late, hopes purely selfish had been permitted to entwine themselves with the great end and purpose of her life. Strive as she might, however, she could not now disconnect them, nor could she conceal from herself that the failure of each attempt to do so was not a source of pain! But then, this youth—who was he? Under what pretext could one in his position become the claimant of her hand, unless as the fulfiller of the object she had in view? Good. It was in this character alone that she had given him her promise. Of course he understood *that?* Not for any personal interest she could be presumed to take in him. Miss Humpage applauded her own excellent wisdom, foresight, and hard-heartedness, in having laid down this distinction so guardedly. She had promised her hand and wealth to him who should trace her father's murderer. To such a man alone—

Polly had exactly reached this satisfactory conclusion, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Stephen, who announced Sir James Polhill, and, without further ceremony, ushered in that excellent magistrate. He was attended by Mr. Armour, still calmly confident, but comporting himself with more real humility than on former occasions.

"Are you prepared, my dear young lady," said Sir James, taking Polly's hand with a meaning smile, "for tidings of considerable importance?"

Polly colored for all answer.

"Not to keep you in suspense, my dear," resumed Sir James, "you must know that we have received the most satisfactory testimony of the return to this country of the persons supposed to be implicated in the—the affair of your poor father. One of the most dashing, interesting, and remarkable outrages of modern times was committed, two nights since, on the Harwich Road, within a few miles— My dear!"

Polly had uttered an unconscious exclamation.

"Go on, Sir, I beg," faltered the young lady.

"The parties have been traced to their haunt, and by this time to-morrow (we have to concert measures with an officious country justice, who has a fancy to be associated with this important capture) Lord Lob will be in our hands. Eh, Armour?"

"If he is not, Sir James, may I never take thief again!" ejaculated the gentleman addressed.

"Enough. I thought, my dear," continued the magistrate, turning to Polly, "that you would be glad to have this matter placed beyond all doubt. And now, Armour, you can return to the office. I will be with you in half an hour."

The officer withdrew. It did not, however, appear that the excellent magistrate had any thing especial to add. Nor had he. This was merely one of those little methods to which he occasionally had recourse, by way of checking the vanity of his subordinate, and teaching that individual that, clever as he was, there were depths of consultation into which not even *he*—at least as a matter of course—was privileged to enter. Sir James, therefore, talked on, without much significance, till, receiving no reply, he looked steadily at his companion, and saw that she was both pale and agitated. His notice brought matters to a crisis. The poor little girl, overcome with mingled emotions, burst into a violent flood of tears.

The good magistrate, somewhat alarmed, and not a little puzzled, quickly discovered, however, that there was something of a troubling nature on her mind, irrespective of the agitating feelings conjured up by the information he had brought, and, touched by the poor child's friendless position, set himself, with so much tact and gentleness, to probe the wound, that he ended by winning her confidence so far as to become possessed of the secret of her vow.

Let it be owned that Polly-my-Lamb was, in her heart, not a little astonished at the collected—not to say indifferent—manner in which Sir James received the important revelation. His lips struggled hard against a smile, and, to say truth, with difficulty overcame it, as the good gentleman pictured to himself Henry the Successful, accompanied by the fettered tyrant of the highways, presenting himself at the footstool of the heiress, and claiming the promised guerdon of her hand and wealth!

Aware, however, of the serious light in which Polly was prepared to view the matter, he contented himself with hinting at the improbability of Mr. Armour's coveting any other reward than such as his conscience (and the Government) might bestow. To be plain, he assured her, even if in her enthusiastic fulfillment of this rather unadvised pledge it should be needful to inform the officer of the extraordinary preferment thus likely to be placed within his reach, he, Sir James, would venture to affirm, on the part of that bold but respectful man, that he would prefer accepting a reasonable composition in money to aspiring to a station for which he was, by birth, habits, and education, alike unfitted.

With this prompt analysis of the excellent Armour poor Polly was fain to be content. The glowing face of the young artist had died hopelessly out of her future, but at least it would never be replaced by the cool, supercilious visage of this Bow Street runner. "*This!*" Such was not the term she would have applied some few months since to one who seemed the appointed instrument of vengeance. Poor Polly! Her mind could not stir without a pang!

Sir James walked back to his office, absolutely choking with hilarity. He was gifted—if gift it be—with a keen sense of the ridiculous; and by the time he arrived in Bow Street the joke, as it appeared to him, had attained such colossal proportions that he found it impossible to refrain from confiding it to the party most interested, certain that the latter would enjoy it with equal, though more subdued and respectful relish.

Much to his surprise, Mr. Armour heard the story out with a degree of gravity wholly unsuited to the theme, and, almost before Sir James had well concluded, the magisterial mind became sensible of a painful suspicion that not only was Mr. Henry Armour a vain, but also an ambitious man; that, in fact, in his view, the gigantic jest had diminished to a pigmy. Briefly (in the plain English in which undoubtedly Mr. Armour laid the case hastily before himself), that *he* had as good a right to the lady's hand as any other fellow, so that he fulfilled the conditions required. The officer, however, did not deem it advisable to give utterance to his feelings at the moment, while Sir James, on his side, was too anxiously intent upon bringing the coming enterprise to a successful issue to enter into any discussion that might have the effect of damping his lieutenant's zeal. So let the morrow care for itself.

They plunged at once into the preparatory arrangements. In that occupation we leave them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Excuse for Late Hours.—"He was as wild as he was good-natured, and had such a lot of spirits that, not being able to exhaust them all in one night, he was forcibly driven to encroach upon the next morning to enable him properly to get through them."—*Extract from an Unpublished Irish Novel.*

A Scotch Conundrum.—Why is Earl Johnny not to be blamed for stopping the rams?—Because the little *laird* did it in *Mersey*. (Ma conscience!)

A little girl of three years was saying her prayers, not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head, she paused and said, "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

Art Note.—*The Early Italian Style.*—An Organ-grinder at five o'clock in the morning.

A young man advertises for a place as salesman, and says he has had a great deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different situations within a year.

A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon-tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

Envy—the dyspepsia of the mind.

Wanted for a private museum—the tick of an oyster bed.

"Well," said a Yankee, proudly, to a traveling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw any thing like that." "Like that!" quoth the latter; "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern twa miles frae whaur I was born." "Indeed," says Jonathan, "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?" "Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

"Why so late?" said a schoolmaster to a little urchin, as he entered the room on a cold slippery morning. "Why, Sir," replied the boy, "for every step I took forward I slid back two." "Indeed," said the teacher; "how did you get here at all if that was the case?" "Oh," said the boy, scratching his head on finding himself caught, "I turned round and walked the other way."

Wellington was a bad dancer. On one occasion he danced with a countess, who could not conceal her blushes at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat he remarked, "The fact is, madam, my forte is not so much dancing myself as making others dance."

The man whose feelings were "worked up" has ordered a fresh supply.

The world has a million of roosts for a man, but only one nest.

The heart is a small thing, not sufficient for a kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

Wonders will never cease! The other day we heard that "a horse was turned into a stable!" And this is the nineteenth century.

Interesting to Place-hunters.—While President Lincoln was confined to his house with the small-pox some friends called to sympathize with him, especially on the character of his disease. "Yes," he said, "it is a bad disease; but it has its advantages. For the first time since I have been in office I have something now to give to every body that calls."

A blind beggar was one day accosted by a clergyman, at whose request he detailed the circumstances under which he had lost his sight—accidental exposure to the blasting of a rock by gunpowder. The reverend querist, after listening, said, very feelingly, "Well, my poor man, I pity you, and could drop a tear over your misfortune," at the same time offering him nothing. "Thank you, Sir," replied the beggar; "but I'd rather you'd drop a shilling into my hat."

An old gentleman who used to frequent a certain coffee-house, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case; and one day took an opportunity of asking one of the faculty, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor, sarcastically: "you should take advice."

A little three-year-old child ran away from home and came over to a neighbor's house about eight o'clock in the evening, while her mother had gone to the well for a pail of water. Rather surprised at seeing her out at so late an hour, we asked her, "Are you not afraid to come so far from home in the night?" "Oh no, Sir," replied the confiding little thing, "I've got on mother's hood!"

A well-known London printer, being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech; but I can *print* one as long as you like."

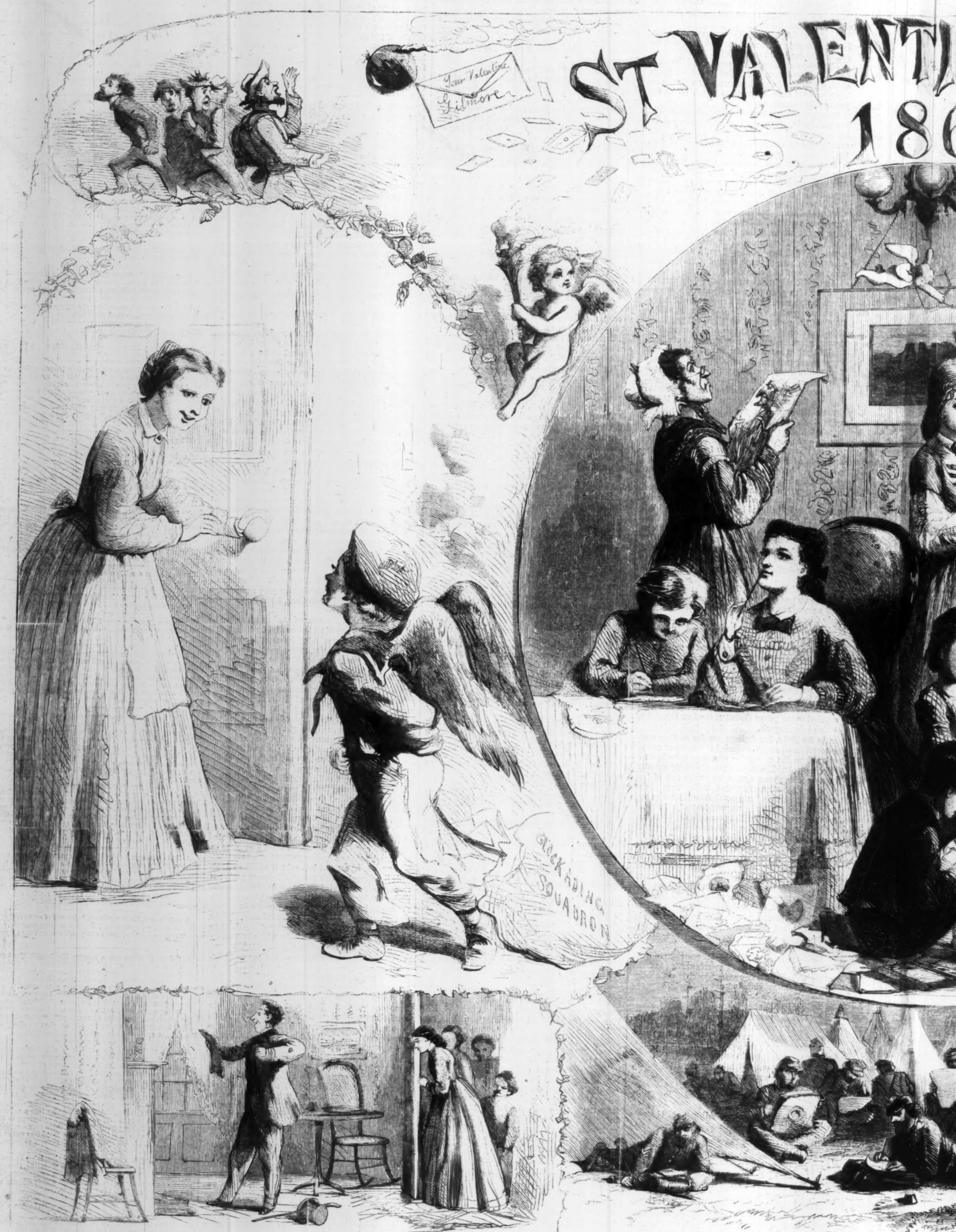
Old John Danders was a country blacksmith, the husband of a young wife; he had labored long and become wealthy, having the custom of all the farmers round. When he was on his death-bed he called his wife Janet to him. "Janet," said he, "I am not long for this world. I am wearing away fast. Now, about the business, Janet. There's Andrew, the foreman; he knows all about the shop, and all the customers like him. You will just let a decent time elapse, and then make up together." "Ohone!" said Janet, bursting into tears; "don't let that trouble you, John. Andrew and I have settled that already."

Short and Sweet.—On a rough old sailor being asked by one of the members of a learned society to write a concise account of the manners and customs of a somewhat barbarous nation whose territories he had lately been exploring, he put down the following exceedingly brief summary of the characteristics of the people in question: "Manners, none. Customs, nasty."

Kissing by Deputy.—A lady stepping into a railway-carriage, said to her little son, "Aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue couldn't wait, and called out, "Guard, won't you kiss mother for me?" N.B.—We are open to an engagement as guard.

While a Welsh cause was lately being tried in one of the London courts, the counsel for the plaintiffs, though a Welshman, begged to be excused from pronouncing the name of the place where a coal-mine under dispute was situated. It was spelt Llwywywywer.

"Cæsar," said a planter to a negro, "climb up that tree and thin out the branches." The negro showed no disposition to comply, and on being pressed for a reason, answered, "Well, look heah, massa; if I go up dar an fall down and broke my neck, dat'll be a tousand dollars out o' your pocket. Now, why don't you hire an Irishman to go up, and den if he falls and kills hisself, dat won't be no loss to nobody?"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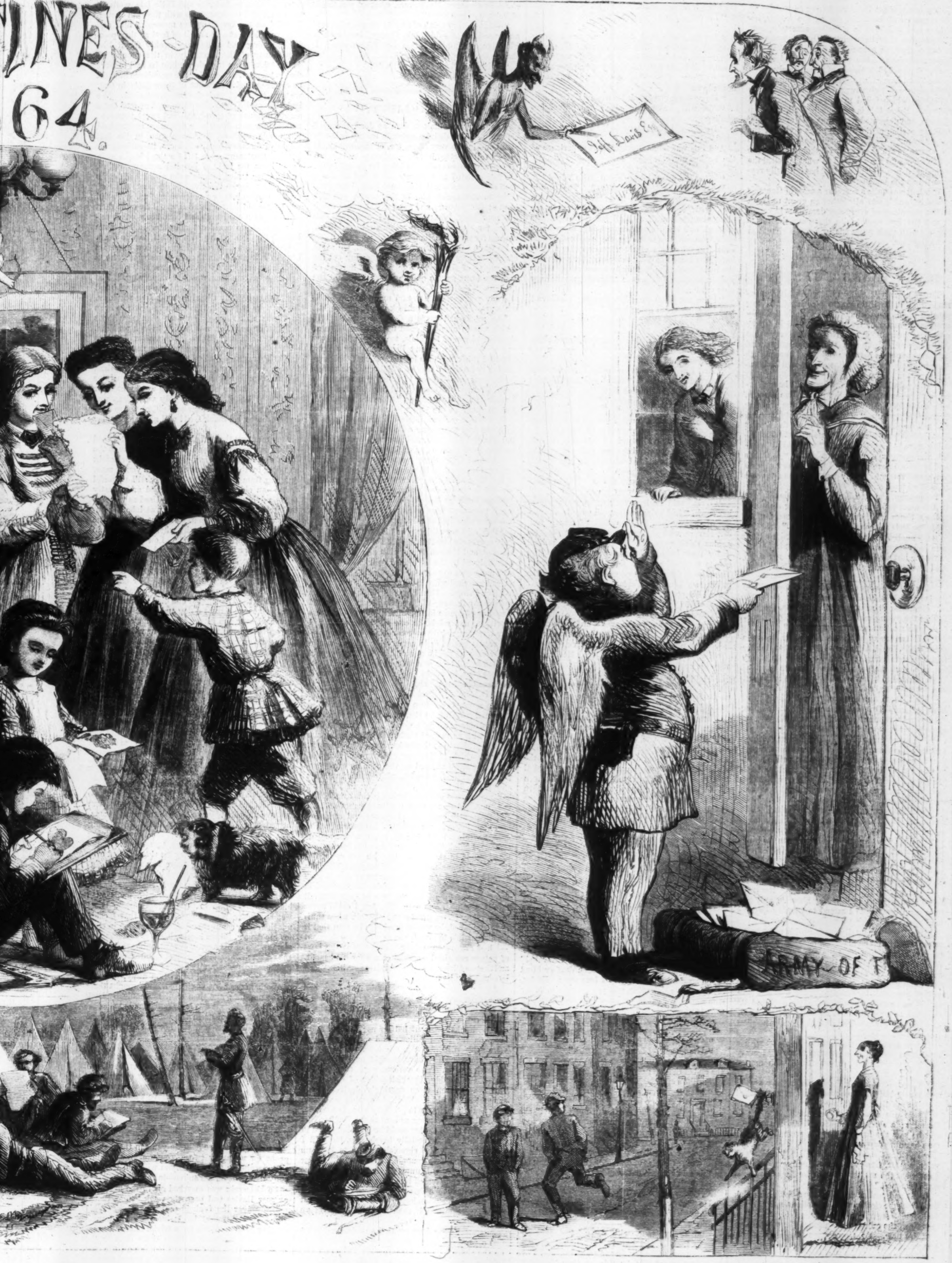

TINES DAY
64.
Jeff Davis Esq
ARMY OF T

A MILITARY BALL.

OUR Army of the Potomac, taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities during the winter, indulges now and then in a festive entertainment. The presence of soldiers' wives with their husbands in camp gives, of course, the crowning charm to these gatherings. We present our readers this week, on page 116, a sketch of a ball lately given by the Third Army Corps. The upper compartment of the picture will give our readers some idea of the difficulties which failed to prevent the arrival of visitors. Below this is the dancing-hall, made up of tents, and decorated with flags and evergreens. Another portion of the sketch gives a view of the supper-room. While the fortunate soldiers who have partners are at supper with their ladies, those not so successful are engaged in what is called the "gander" dance, which our artist has faithfully represented on the same page.

This ball was quite a success; a score of Generals attended; and it was altogether an event to break up the monotony of every-day dreariness in camp. It was the first opportunity that gave the ladies staying with their husbands in camp a chance to come together.

BECKY VANE'S VALENTINE.

THE rain was pattering with steady, sighing monotone against the little square window of the long wooden building—a window from which the only prospect, a range of far-off hills veiled in heavy mist, was dreary enough. Nor was it strange that Allan Revere, thinking of the orange-groves and jasmine swamps of his own bright land, turned with a groaning sigh upon his pillow, and closed his burning eyes.

"This pain is perfectly intolerable!" he muttered, with momentary irritation; for Allan Revere, who would have thrown himself upon the bristling bayonets of a regiment of soldiers without flinching, and had fought like a tiger even while the scarlet blood ebbed from his life's fountains until insensibility came to his relief, was a very child in hospital, like many another brave soldier. "It throbs and burns with every breath I draw: the bandages are heated through. Why does not some one come to bind on fresh ones?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, Sir," said the little sergeant in the next bed, who had been whiling away the tedious hours with quavering snatches of song. "*My* leg feels as though it were on fire."

"Oh no, it doesn't," said the spectacled surgeon, who had entered from the next ward just in time to catch the last words. "All your fancy, my man! And how are you getting along, my Confederate friend?"

"I'm getting very cross, Doctor, if that will do you any good," said Allan, sharply.

"Hum-m-m!" commented the surgeon, gravely, feeling the young man's pulse: "considerable fever—inflammation running very high—"

"It'll run away with me altogether before a great while," said Allan. "Why, Doctor, I have lain here four hours, and not a soul has been near me to change the bandages or bathe the wounds! If you intend to kill me I wish you'd do it at once, and not keep me lingering here!"

"Well, there *has* been rather a lack of nurses latterly," said Dr. Gower, skillfully unfastening the fevered wrappings; "but I'm expecting a Vermont lady here to-night—"

"A Yankee nurse!" said Allan Revere, with an indescribable curve of his mustache.

"Yes; just that," said the Doctor, rather shortly; he was a Massachusetts man himself, and nothing but the chivalric sense of delicacy which pertains to every true gentleman restrained him from a cutting retort.

"Will she wear cowhide shoes and talk through her nose, Doctor?" persisted the invalid, maliciously.

"Really I don't know. Will you have the kindness to turn a little more on your left side?"

"There; will that do? Don't bring her into this ward, Doctor, please; I feel a presentiment that a Yankee nurse is all that is needed to finish me."

"Aren't you a little cross to-night, Mr. Revere?" asked the surgeon, smiling. "Now lie still and be a good boy, while I attend to Charley Bryan's leg."

Allan Revere mentally made up his mind to intercept the Doctor on his returning way and "quarrel it out" with him; but the cool lotions and quieting draughts, added to the weak languor of his frame, proved too much for any belligerent intentions, and he drifted away into a quiet sleep that carried him back to Floridian everglades and sunbathed savannas, while the chill rain played its ceaseless tune on the wooden roof over his head, and the wind moaned around the lonely hospital like a homeless spirit.

It was nearly midnight when he woke, with a convulsive start, and a strange fancy that every vein in his wounded arm was filled with molten fire.

"Water—ice—water!" he cried; "my arm is burning up! Help, some one, for mercy's sake! don't let me die here like a dog!"

There was a slight rustle through the fire-lit darkness; a shaded lamp glowed along the aisle, and he saw the hazel shine of a woman's pitying eyes beaming down on his face.

"You are the wounded Floridian," said a soft voice. "Dr. Gower told me about you. Stay—I see what the matter is; your bandages have become loosened."

Light and cool as a falling snow-flake her quick hands wet the cloths in healing lotions, and replaced their folds.

"Now, the other one!" pleaded Revere.

"Not now. Dr. Gower says it will injure it to be opened again at present."

"But it burns like a live coal!"

"I am sorry; but it will be better soon."

"You will not bathe it?" said the young man, contracting his brows.

"No."

"Then I shall do it myself!" he asserted, raising himself on one elbow.

"Lie down again; you *must* not."

"Must not!"

Allan Revere looked defiantly at the melting hazel eyes and the little firm mouth. The next minute she had passed her arm lightly under his shoulder and laid him back, like a helpless child, on the pillow. He flushed and frowned, but could not help smiling.

"How strong you are, little woman!"

"*Now* will you lie still?" she asked, gravely regarding him.

"I suppose I shall have to," he returned, ungraciously.

And this was Allan Revere's first experience of the Yankee nurse.

"What are you thinking about, Miss Vane?"

What was she thinking about? That would have been rather a hard question to answer the dark-eyed young Confederate; for, sitting in the dreary hospital ward, with all her fretful patients soothed, and tended, and coaxed into momentary quiet, she was back among the box-borders and snow-fringed cedars of the farm-house garden at home, the sunset burning redly over the rocks, and the little brook slipping noisily across mossy ledges and greenish-smooth masses of stone past the very door yard gate.

"I am not quite sure, Mr. Revere; I believe I was thinking about going home."

"Then you *are* going?"

"Next week."

Allan Revere was sitting up in a cushioned chair, having obtained the privileges of convalescence, but he was very pale still.

"And I believe," went on Becky Vane, who was the very soul of candor, "that I was also thinking of this being St. Valentine's Eve."

"One of your Yankee saints?"

"Mr. Revere!"

"Pardon me, Miss Vane: I know I'm a petulant brute. But go on; tell me about St. Valentine."

"As if you didn't know! I was only remembering how the country boys and girls observe the day up in those grand old wildernesses where modern innovations are unknown."

"Tell me about it," said Allan. "I am interested in these legends of your frozen North."

"Well," said Becky, stitching away calmly at her work, "just to prove that chivalry is not necessarily a growth of Southern soil, I'll gratify you, Mr. Revere, with the recital of how our youthful swains think nothing of watching all night long under their lady-love's window, so that her first glance may fall on their faces in the light of St. Valentine's dawn, thereby entitling them to the privilege of being her Valentine all the year."

And I suppose a Valentine sometimes turns into a husband?"

"Often."

Becky Vane rose as she spoke, and went across the room to bathe the forehead of a poor teamster-lad, whose piteous call had reached her ear.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Revere; "I wish his head was in Jericho!"

You see Mr. Allan Revere had forgotten the days when Becky's soft fingers cooled the pain beneath *his* jetty curls. So selfish are we all; and yet Allan had a noble heart after all.

The stars of the chill February night hung like golden shields over the red glow that announced the near approach of sunrise when Becky Vane, wrapped in a gray shawl that made her look like a little nun, came out of her tiny cabin to begin the day's labors in those long, blank-looking hospital wards. For poor Charley Bryan had floated down the turbid currents of the river Death with the turn of the night, and Becky knew that she must make his shroud by noon! Do not shrink, reader; these are but the veritable records of hospital life! She had seen death in many shapes during this last winter, and ceased to fear his ghastly accessories—this noble girl!

As she crossed the threshold a tall figure with the auroral glow of sunrise on its pallid features met her glance. She started, with a stifled cry.

"Miss Vane!"

"Mr. Revere!"

"I have won the meed, have I not, Miss Vane? I may be your Valentine?"

He could see her cheek blaze scarlet in the dim light—he could feel the little hand striving to escape from his hold.

"I do not know what you mean, Mr. Revere!"

"Becky Vane, you have not been deaf or blind—you *must* know how dearly I love you! Becky, my dear little Valentine, will you promise to be my wife some day? I never knew how necessary you were to my existence until you spoke of going away—and, Becky, I shall go with you."

"But, Mr. Revere—"

"Allan, if you please."

"Allan, then—I am a Yankee girl."

"Listen, Becky. I have given my parole until the end of the war; shall I parole myself to you until my life's end?"

"I can trust you, Allan," she whispered.

"Then I may go home with you?"

"Why, if you *will* go, I can not help it!" she answered, with edifying demureness.

"But give me *one* loving word, Becky, before you go."

"Indeed I shall not, Mr. Revere. Go back to your ward: the idea of a wounded man standing out in this cold air. What would Dr. Gower say?"

"I don't care a fig for Dr. Gower."

"But for *my* sake, Allan."

He bent over her hand a second, leaving the reverent touch of his lips on the velvet fingers, and went in like a docile child.

And Becky Vane, with dewy hazel eyes and cheeks that burned like rubies, slipped away to work on poor Charley Bryan's shroud, and Love and Death went side by side, as they have done many a time before.

"Why, yes," said Dr. Gower, "I'll make out your discharge any day; there's no objection now that you are doing so well. So you are going North, eh? By-the-way, Mr. Revere, what do you think of Yankee nurses *now*?"

"What do they think of *me*? is the most important question I should think, Doctor," laughed the Floridian. "But from this day henceforward I shall believe in patron saints."

"Indeed! and who may yours be?"

"St. Valentine."

IN THE "LIBEY."

I COULD never think of Jem as dead, though I certainly had no definite grounds for my belief to stand on—in the very teeth, too, of the formidable fact that all effort to find him—and many and strenuous ones had been made—had thus far proved futile. He had enlisted as a private—Jem had always a dash of romance about him—and had thereby nothing to distinguish him in that awful mangled heap at Gettysburg; and yet I could never fancy his poor body lying under that mournful slab raised for "the unknown," though bankrupt of reasons for my conviction.

So when I found myself at Richmond, with that curious aptness of the soul for winnowing out the few grains of good *perdue* in a whole harvest of evil, my heart gave a quick upward bound at the thought, "Perhaps I shall find Jem here"—Jem was my younger brother, and my pet from petticoats up—otherwise the outlook wasn't too bright.

The rebels had made a dash on our hospital, which was in about as good fighting condition as the general run of hospitals, took fifty of our boys out of their beds, among them one poor fellow, Simms I think, with his leg just off, and their surgeons; probably by way of padding for an article in the *Examiner*—I know of no other reason, as we were all non-combatants, and they had already mouths enough to feed—and there we were, huddled together in the street, Eugene Delacroix, a cool, resolute fellow, Robert Allan, and myself, with our poor men lying all about, some groaning and ghastly with pain, and the most merciless sun beating down upon us, scorching out our very lives as we stood there three mortal hours. Probably some red tape was to be unwound somewhere—but at last they brought carts into which they huddled our sick and wounded and dashed off, jolting and jostling them as they drove recklessly over the rough pavement very much after the manner of a butcher with a load of calves.

Allan said something about it and was immediately overhauled by the Chief of Police, the Provost Marshal, and Heaven knows what all; and then we were relieved by the Richmond authorities of whatever money we were so unfortunate as to have about us, and marched with lighter pockets, if not hearts, to Libey Prison. Then I began to look out for Jem and got my first sup of disappointment. They had placed us of course in the officers' room. Jem was a private, and might be one of the hundred and fifty tramping noisily over our heads, or in some of the rooms below, or in some other prison; and in either case he might almost as well have been in Soudan for all hope of meeting him; or, and it was my last hope, he might be in the hospitals, where it was possible that we should be allowed to do service. Delacroix suggested that.

The room, our future prison, was in the third story and crowded, for there were already some two hundred officers confined there. The air was stifling, loaded with so many breaths; the hot glaring sun beat in pitilessly at the broken unshaded windows, added to which, at that moment, were the fumes of the single stove allowed for the cooking of the rations. Ah! if the tender, white-handed mothers and wives, if the gay girls dancing in Northern ball-rooms could but have looked in this bare, cheerless, unceiled room, with unglazed panes at best, and frequently only bits of canvas and strips of boards nailed over the openings, unplastered walls, unevery thing belonging to common decency or comfort, I think their merriment would have grown half-terrible to them, and, through the sweet delirious waltz-music, would sound out something like a wail! Each day a certain number among us were detailed for cooking and scrubbing service, and in due course of time I had my turn at both, and fell into it, I think, quite naturally; but I could never get over my secret wonder at Delacroix when similarly employed, he was so precisely the man that it was impossible to imagine in any such predicament—I had always an undefined notion that the laws of nature contained a special clause for his benefit, and that no dilemma would ever dare face him, much less offer him its horns.

As for poor Allan he succumbed at once, and went about in a very miserable way indeed, though men of more calibre might be pardoned for being a little down on their luck. There were put up bare wooden bunks for about half of us; the rest must sleep on the floor: pillows and mattresses there were none—a blanket you might have if you were fortunate enough to have brought one with you—otherwise none. The rations were scanty; but water, the muddy, brackish water of the James River, was even more sparingly dealt out. I thought of the old border-riders vowing candles as long as their whingers to St. Mary when in a scrape. I would have given one as long as the Bunker Hill monument to St. Croton could he have interfered in our behalf. Not specially heroic this, but still I maintain worth the chronicling; for to keep up good heart and firm courage, as the majority of our men did, unwashed, unrested, half-starved, as we soon were, and treated like dogs through long monotonous days of a dreary and cheerless captivity, needs more pluck—enduring pluck of the kind that will bear a strain on it, than ever was required for a forlorn hope.

Meanwhile the days crawled on—dragged is too fast a word for prison time—and constantly I was on the sharp look-out for fun. As Delacroix had said, we soon obtained access to the hospitals for Union soldiers, visiting them daily. They were three in number, and from the first hour of our entrance I should have thought complaint a blasphemy. They used to bring there the poor wretches from the tobacco factories and Belle Isle, worn almost to skeletons, sometimes with the skin literally dried on the bone, moving masses of filth and rags, snatching at any article of food as they passed, groveling and struggling weakly for it like dogs, many of them actually in the agonies of death, taken there that they might be said to have died in hospital. In one day the ambulance brought us eighteen, and eleven out of them died; in fact, we saw little but such sombre processions. We had little medicine to give them, and no food but a scanty measure of corn-bread and sweet potatoes; and this for men down with dysentery and typhoid pneumonia. These, too, were men in the last stages of disease; hundreds more, fit subjects for hospital treatment, were left on the island and in the prisons for lack of hospital accommodation. In the three Union hospitals the average of deaths was forty a day. We lived in an atmosphere of death; corpses were on every side of us. We did what we could; but after all it was little more than standing with our hands fast bound to witness sufferings that we could not alleviate. I had done looking for Jem. I hoped now that he was dead. Better that his handsome head lay low among a heap of unknown slain than to have been tortured all these months in a Richmond prison.

Our own condition was not improving. The weather was growing colder, and the wind whistled most unpromisingly through our broken windows. Stoves were put up, but no fuel was given to burn in them; and sleeping on bare planks, without mattress or covering, was getting to be a problem. There was a falling off also in the matter of rations—corn-bread and two ounces of rice now was our daily allowance; added to this, daily brutality and insolence on the part of the under-keepers, dead silence from home, and the long, hopeless winter setting in; but the edge of all this was blunted for me by the hospital horrors. My very sleep was dreadful with dying groans and pitiful voices calling on those who, thank God! will never know how they died.

One morning the ambulance had brought a load of fourteen from the island, and when I came to the hospital, a little later than usual, I found Delacroix standing by the side of one of them—a young man, judging from the skeleton-like but still powerful frame—an old one, from the pinched and ghastly face—a dying one, at all events. Used as we were to horrors, I saw that Delacroix was laboring under some unusual emotion. He was white to the very lips. I understood why when he muttered in my ear the word "Starving!" Low as it was uttered, the poor boy caught the word.

"Yes," he said, feebly. "It is quite useless, gentlemen—no," turning from the bread that Delacroix offered, "I loathe it now. For days and days I have been mad for it. I have had murder in my heart. I thought if one died the rest might live. Once we caught a dog and roasted him, and quarreled over the bits. We had no cover; we lay on the scorching sand, and when the terrible heats were over came the raw fogs and bitter wind."

He stopped, seemingly from exhaustion, and lay a few moments silent; then the pitiful voice commenced again.

"We were very brave for a while; we thought help was coming. We never dreamed they could go on at home eating, lying soft, and making merry while we were dying by inches. I think if my brother knew— If ever you get back I charge you, before God, find out Robert Bence, surgeon of the —— Maine. Tell him that his brother Jem starved to death on Belle Isle, and that thousands more are—Ah! just Heaven! the pain again! O Christ! help me! have—"

The words died away in inarticulate ravings. He tossed his arms wildly over his head; his whole frame racked with the most awful throes. And this was my poor boy; so wasted, so horribly transformed, that I had not known him. His glazing eyes had not recognized me. His few remaining hours were one long, raving agony. He never knew that his brother was by his side. I died over and over again, standing there in my utter helplessness. I had never so thanked God as when his moaning fell away into the merciful silence of death.

Delacroix, who had remained with me, vented his grief and wrath in the bitterest curses; but I was stunned. My grief was so vast that I could not then fully comprehend it. There were in store for me days of future horror, hours of sickening remembrance of his agony, of maddening thought of that most awful and protracted torture; cold, hunger, disease, despair, all at once; but then I waited in silence till they had taken him away, with the nine others dead out of the fourteen brought there in the morning, and then went mechanically back with Delacroix. It was after sundown, but the first sight that saluted us in the prison was a row of pails and brushes, and the keepers detailing the officers for the duty of scrubbing. At that Delacroix burst out, angrily,

"How the devil do you think we are going to sleep on these floors after they are scrubbed, and without fires to dry them? Is your Government trying to kill us with sleeplessness, since it can't starve us out? Already we have walked all one night this week, because lying down was impossible."

The keeper turned, with an ugly grin on his brutal face:

"Since you are so delicate you can try the dungeons for a day or two. You won't be troubled with scrubbing there; and you will find the company that is fit for a Yankee—in the vermin."

So Delacroix was marched off to the dungeons, as poor Davies had been the week before, though scarcely over the typhoid fever—as Major White and Colonel Straight have since been, and many another hapless officer, for a trivial offense or none at all. They kept him there three days in that noisome hole. He came out looking a little pale, but plucky as ever. The spite of a brutal man is a hound that never tires. The keeper watched his opportunity, swore that he saw Delacroix looking out at window (this high offense was punishable with death), and put him down again—for four days, this time. Then we got another turn of the hand-screw. We were no longer allowed to attend the hospitals. Delacroix's eyes flashed.

"There goes the last obstacle to escape. While I thought I could be of use to our poor fellows here I would not go; but now—I have had plenty of time to think down there, and I have thought to purpose. I have a plan. If you like you can try it with me; if not, I go alone."

To know how sounded that word "escape" one must first have realized a prison. The risk was enormous, and failure meant the damp dungeons of the Libey, of which Delacroix gave no alluring description. The plan, however, was feasible. By agreement each managed to secure a sleeping-place near the door, and when all was quiet stole out, shoes slung about our necks, to the upper story, where was a sky-light, through which we were soon out on the roof, and in present possession of our freedom, though it was to be regretted that it was so many stories high. We went straight to the end of our roof, Delacroix, in his walks, having noted that the second building above us was empty; but the adjoining house, unfortunately, was a two-story building, so that we were forced to descend by help of the lightning-rod, which Delacroix did well enough, going down hand over hand with the ease of a cat; while I, less agile, met with one or two slips, and came down with a final thump, which should have startled the guards below, but did not, luckily for us. Then we found ourselves on a level with the third-story window of the next house—the empty one.

"But how if it shouldn't be empty?" I whispered.

"It is empty," returned Delacroix, energetically, leaning across the little chasm of division to open the sash. "Now, will you go first?"

In I went—bare floor—empty rooms—open doors; that looked uninhabited, at any rate. Delacroix followed; and then we began to make our way down in the Egyptian darkness, getting several stumbles, and nearly breaking our necks on the last flight of stairs—a most villainous one. The lower door was bolted, but, being on the inside, it proved no such mighty matter to open it. Then there was a cold, damp rush of air, and we dimly made out that we were in a small back yard, overlooked by tall buildings, showing ghost-like against the sky. The gate was locked, and we did not stop to pry it open, but took the fence in gallant style, and away! Scarce any one was stirring, and walking leisurely through the dark and quiet streets, by morning light we were well out of Richmond; and now commenced the real perils of our journey; first the brightning light, which urged us to all possible speed in finding a cover. Delacroix had a pocket-compass, and by it we struck a north-easterly course, going on bravely till presently we came plump on a fort—peril number two. "Down!" whispered Delacroix, dropping on hands and knees in the grass. I followed his example in all haste, and so we wormed our way some hundred yards onward. Suddenly Delacroix clutched my wrist. Something was vibrating in the air—a dull, heavy, regular sound, caught all the more readily from our nearness to the ground, and with it a curious, faint tinkle, growing nearer, sounding out loudly now on the raw air. Both exclaimed, at the same instant, "Cavalry, by George!" It was an even chance whether they would ride us down or miss us; but there was nothing left save to crouch lower in the grass, and crouch we did. Doubtless some sweet saint at home was praying for us, for the chance proved in our favor. On they came, at an easy gallop, spurs and sabres jingling, and chatting carelessly; passed us, little dreaming who were their neighbors for that moment; died away into silence the echo of hoofs and tinkle of spurs. But now daylight was a very positive affair indeed, further travel too dangerous, and even Delacroix admitted, with a groan, that remaining where we were was our only safety.

"Remaining where we were" sounds like ease and rest—a peaceful phrase, in fact, conveying a notion of repose; but it was a marvelously hard thing to do. There was the probability of discovery; then, spite of peril, we were in a very desperation of sleepiness, and dropping off continually, to wake up in a panic, fancying that our foes were upon us. We were chilled to the heart; what with night-dews, and raw air, the dampness of the earth, and the enervation of our imprisonment; and as the day wore on we grew ravenous as wolves. Surely night was never before half so welcome, though words have not in them an expression of the difficulties of our way. The sacred soil stuck to our tired feet as if it had been in the Secession interest, and were all the briers sworn rebels they could not have caught and torn us more persistently. Once we floundered into a morass. "Courage," quoth Delacroix, "the Libey dungeons are worse." Twenty times over I should have lain down in a sullen despair, had it not been for his undaunted courage, pushing on spite of every thing, himself included.

Daybreak found us in the "open," quite out of reach of any cover. A little ahead the road turned sharply, cutting off our view, but both heard a sound of singing, to which quick steps sounding out in the frosty air kept time, and the singing and walking grew every moment plainer. It was coming toward us. Delacroix laid a hand on his pistols, but I had already caught the words,

"Berry early in de mornin', when de Lor' pass by,
When de Lor' pass by, and invite me to come,"

chanted to one of the barbaric refrains, so often heard on the plantations, and stayed his hand. The next moment the singer came in sight—a negro, as I had thought. He would have passed us without seeming notice, but Delacroix stopped him, saying, briefly,

"We are Union officers, runaways from Richmond; weary, starving, and in want of a hiding-place. Will you help us?"

A sudden gleam lighted up the man's dark face.

"Sartain, mas'r. De Linkum men fight for poor nigga—nigga help when he kin. Dis chile hide mas'r safe as ef he be in Washington."

"And if he betrays us—"

"I'll blow his brains out," returned Delacroix, promptly.

"Small consolation that."

"It is our only chance, at any rate, and besides the sky *won't* fall. He is honest."

But for all that he watched him like a cat. At the first suspicious move our colored friend would have found short shrift. I had my hand on my knife, and Delacroix's revolver was in dangerous readiness. As yet, however, there was no need for action. We met not a soul, and guiding us to a fodder-house, he assured us that we might rest there at ease till dark.

We were so dead tired that we scarcely waited for the end of his assurance before we threw ourselves on the floor and were off asleep. From a rest as deep and sweet as the peace of Heaven I was startled by a hand on my shoulder. My knife was out on the instant.

"Cut de pone, mas'r, not me," cried our negro guide, retreating in some alarm. He had brought us some corn pones. We fell on them like starved wolves, and then off to sleep again, till the dark made it safe to recommence our journey. Our guide did not take the road, however, but struck across toward what we recognized as the colored quarters of a plantation. "Supper first," he observed, sententiously, ushering us into one of the low wooden buildings. We had expected solitude and silence, and got a shock. The room was crowded, and fresh comers pouring in every moment.

"It is a trap!" cried Delacroix. "We are betrayed."

"Mas'r too quick," answered our guide; "dis am a 'spression ob de feelin' in de cullud brest, dat all. Ebery one, big and little, come to bress de Lor' and de brave Linkum ossifers. Hercules, gib de gemmen seats; you, Cesar," to a little grinning twelve-year-old imp, "quit dat yer. Git de oder little chaps and deflect youselves as pickets. Sojer march roun' and roun', gun on he shoulder: hold he head so high. Can't eben see poor nigga, he sech great man. O Lor'! tink de nigga no 'count; neber tink we hab pickets too, and de Linkum men right under he nose, he! he! Sue, push dat yer chicken dis way. Lizy, gib us de pone and milk. Don' stan' nudgin' and winkin'. Step about gals, be spry."

It was plain that this was a man in authority, though how much was due to calibre, and how much to a ragged military coat, minus the buttons, and a hat, curiously jammed and broken, was too delicate an analysis for men in our condition. The room was crowded, for the news of our hiding had gone from mouth to mouth through the entire plantation, and every soul was there to welcome us. There was little or no noise; but the intense, thrilling excitement on every dusky face was a thing not soon to be forgotten.

"Telled ye so!" cried one old woman; "allers said de good Lor' hear de groanin' and sighin' some-time. Oh! chil'en, I pray night and day all dese yer years sence dey sell away my little Sue. 'O Lor', make dem like a wheel;' and ole Sam, he say dat a debil's prayer; but I hearn it in de Bible—hearn Mas'r Arnold read it he ownself; and now, sure enuf, de Lor' hab make 'em no 'count—jest like a wheel rollin', rollin', can't fin' no rest till dey rol. straight down to eberlastin' ruin; and de jubilee's comin' and de Lor' bress dese men dat bring it. De Lor' ob glory keep 'em safe; and oh! mas'r, tell de good Linkum men strike hard—he's groanin' sech a weary time."

She was interrupted by our guide, who plainly thought his prerogative in danger.

"Dat's enuf, ole Susan. Curus how women's tongues kin run. Time to sperse, ladies and gemmen, and, 'member now, no noise. Now ef mas'r's ready—"

The sentence was completed by a sudden dropping of his military coat and dignity together, placing him at once in his former light of an everyday member of society. The remainder of our journey had in it little of adventure. Our guide led us around the pickets, moralizing all the way on, "He hold he head so high—tink nigga no 'count," and ferried us across the Mattapony. Here we were given into the keeping of another negro, passed a damp but monotonous day in the woods, were treated to another plantation supper; then another day hiding, another night in pushing through morass and forest, another guide. As good old Bunyan has it, "we were bemired to purpose"—were torn and foot-sore; but at last we reached the Rappahannock. There our guide left us, and there we passed a day watching men oystering in the river, and wishing for a few of them on shore. The programme was simple now. We had only to wait till midnight, take one of the boats, and drop down the river to the gun-boats; but oh! those hours of chilled and aching waiting!

The friends who welcomed us with open arms gazed at us with a sort of terror, so wan, ragged, haggard, ghastly, was our appearance. Delacroix looked at least five years older; while I—but small marvel if I have changed—I have always in my ears that moaning voice, "Tell him that his brother Jem starved to death on Belle Isle!" I have the vision before me night and day of that writhing frame, that lone, raving agony; and there are thousands more to freeze and starve! God help them!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE winter twilight was saddening into night. Through the heavy flutings of the silken curtain one might see the ice-bright stars, shooting steely streams of light athwart the melancholy tides of crimson that belted the dreamy southwest with a zone of blood. There was no illumination in the parlor save the red, intense shine of the sea-coal fire—you could hear the soft ticking of the gilded clock on the mantle, and the clinking fall of white-hot cinders, while the canary dozed on its perch, a ball of downy gold, and the milk-white chalices of the superb Egyptian lily in the window drooped downward as if some lotus breath had swept their fiery hearts!

Agatha Bell was sitting with her slender feet half buried in the spotted tiger-skin that lay before the fire, and her hands tightly clasped on her lap—a fragile, slight girl, with a pure Greek face, and pearly eyelids whose silky fringe softened the blue fire of strangely passionate eyes. Motionless as a fair statue she sat there, and Captain Granger, whose wistful glance crept toward her, ever and anon, in the midst of the camp stories which filled Harry Bell's boy-brain with wonder, could not tell whether she heard his low voice or not. But as he talked he smoothed down the boy's brown hair with a caressing touch, it was so like the shining braids that circled Agatha's haughty head.

"Oh, that's famous!" said Harry, drawing a deep breath, and balancing himself expertly on the edge of his chair, while both elbows rested on the Captain's knee. "I say, Captain John!"

"Well."

"*I* mean to be a soldier when I grow up, and won't I pitch into those plagued rebels! That is," added Harry, sagely, "if I can be in your company; I don't want to fight under any one else!"

And the boy of eleven drew himself up into a martial attitude, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Captain Granger smiled, and still watched the profile so delicately outlined against the fire, while he wondered if earth held no spell to unlock the door of her capricious cruel heart!

"I like soldiers!" pursued Harry. "Every body likes 'em, except Agatha! *She* don't; but then you know, Captain John, she's nothing but a girl. She thinks they're conceited—the officers, you know—and she says she can't bear 'em."

"Does she?"

Captain Granger's cheek burned under its swarthy sun-touch as he looked full at Agatha. She met his gaze with defiant eyes, and the pearly skin glowed into roses, but she did not answer the question in his face. The young man rose and put Harry's hand gently aside, repeating, gravely,

"Does she say that? I am very sorry, Harry, my boy!"

He bowed, and went out without another word. The scar of a sabre-cut, received at Gettysburg, was yet fresh on his breast, and something throbbing within brought vividly back the smarting pain of the moment when the cruel blow came down.

"He's gone!" said Harry, dolefully. "Do you suppose he'll come again to-morrow, Agatha? I say, wasn't that a jolly yarn about the Confederate sergeant and his two horses?"

And Harry picked up his much-bethumbed Latin Grammar, with the secret wish that life was all a cavalry raid with "Captain John" at its head!

Agatha Bell was standing before the glass next day, brushing out the shining brown waves of her lovely hair, when Harry burst into her room with the velocity of an 11-inch shell!

"Hallo, Agatha! Don't you believe he's gone?"

"Who?" asked Agatha, detaching a hair-pin from its box with regal indifference.

"Who? why Captain John! Gone down into Tennessee somewhere; and don't I wish I was going with him! I believe you, my boy, I do!"

He stopped short in an extempore series of gymnastics at the strange sound of his sister's voice.

"Gone! Did he leave no message for me?"

"No! What message should he leave? He gave me his six-barreled pistol, and told me to be sure not to forget him; but he never spoke any thing about you!"

Harry commenced manipulating his new gift in a suicidal manner, but Agatha went on brushing her hair, while the mirror seemed to swim before her vision, and a chill sickness eddied through her heart. He had gone—and without a farewell word!

Well, let him go! He should learn that her heart could be as cold as his!

And no one knew why it was that Agatha drooped and blanched as the slow weeks dragged on their weary days.

The low February sun fluttered its level pennons of light into her dainty little room, whose crimson-piled carpet and rose-tinted ceilings made you think of the inside of some pink shell. She was sitting at her desk writing to the one dear friend who knew all her heart-secrets. Ah, what would a woman do if she could not sometimes unburden her heart—if the healing balm of another woman's sympathy were denied to her when the wounds are sorest?

"Agatha! I say, Agatha!"

She looked up with a little start as Harry's elbows came down among her paper-knives and sheets of lilac-paper and nick-nacks innumerable.

"Well?"

"I wish you'd just lend me your alabaster ink-stand a minute; I've broken t'other one, and I'm in an awful hurry!"

"Harry, I do wish you wouldn't use such language!"

"Well, I won't, if you'll give me the inkstand."

"But I can not; I am writing to Alice Moore."

"Hang Alice Moore; let her wait. There, don't look so shocked at a fellow; you know I don't mean any thing! But you see I'm directing a Valentine, and if it don't go by to-night's mail it will be too late. Come—that's a dear girl!"

"A Valentine! Harry, I thought you had outgrown such nonsense!"

"It's the jolliest thing, Agatha!" exclaimed the boy, bursting into a chuckling laugh, and standing ecstatically on one leg, while he mysteriously unfolded the end of a gaudily-colored caricature. "It's a soldier, don't you see? running away just as fast as he can jump. Ain't it funny, say? And I'm going to send it to Captain John; won't it make him laugh?"

Agatha smiled, but very faintly.

"I've put H. B. in the corner, so he'll know who sent it, but I've tried two or three times to direct it, and the envelopes all got blotted. You direct it, Agatha, please; he don't know your handwriting, and he'll be so puzzled! Here's a nice envelope—just write the address, and I'll promise not to fire off my pistol in the yard for a whole week!"

"Leave the Valentine here, then, and I'll see to it when I've finished my letter."

She wrote on, absent and rather sad; and when Harry came, at twilight, to receive his precious missive for the post she was watching the lurid sky from the window with eyes that saw none of the blood-red radiance.

"The letters are there on the table, Harry; don't stay out late."

When the boy was gone she leaned her forehead against the cool glass and cried a little. Tears are a sovereign medicine in some diseases.

The rack of inky clouds hung low over the leafless Tennessee woods that stormy February night, the wind howled sadly through the dreary mountain gorges, and the fire on Captain Granger's cabin-hearth danced and flickered as the gusty currents of air whirled down the stone chimney. It was not a cheerful place for a man who had been brought up in purple and fine linen; but Captain Granger cared not a whit for externals, nay, he rather liked the wailing blast and the smoky fire, being just in that state of mind when a man prefers to be as uncomfortable as possible.

"Stephens!"

Private Samuel Stephens, who enjoyed the honor of being special attendant to the Captain, and who was at that moment mending his linen by the aid of a darning-needle and a pair of iron-bowed spectacles, immediately rose up and saluted.

"Yes, Captain."

"I wish you would go and see if the mails are in."

The private laid down his spectacles and needle, denuded his finger of a ponderous steel thimble, and went out accordingly.

"Though," soliloquized Captain Granger to himself, "what the use of sending him may be *I* don't know. I never get any letters—I never expect 'em. Only it *is* rather hard to see the other fellows brighten up over the long epistles of their mothers, and wives, and sweet-hearts, and feel that there's nobody to care a pin for you, dead or alive. However, a newspaper's better than nothing. Well, Stephens, what are you looking so amiable about?"

"Nothing, Sir, only I've got a Valentine from Jemima Starkweather; these gals is so full of their nonsense," said Samuel, his whole face radiant. "And—beggin' your pardon, Captain"—he added, presenting a tiny, lilac-enveloped missive, "I shouldn't wonder if you'd got one too! It's the fourteenth o' Febooary, and leap year at that!"

"Nonsense!" said Granger, vexed to feel the blood rising to his forehead. "You can go, Stephens, I don't need you at present."

"The New York post-mark, but I do not know the handwriting," he muttered, drawing nearer to the guttering tallow-candle, as Private Stephens closed the cabin-door behind him. "I don't know who should write to me; however, I sha'n't find out until I open the letter, so here goes! 'My dearest love!' Upon my honor!" said Captain Granger, staring helplessly at the log walls, "it's rather an agreeable surprise to learn that I am any body's 'dearest love.' I don't understand this at all," he added, running his eye down the page. "Hallo! what's this? 'Don't hesitate to say how miserable I am since John Granger went away!'"

He turned the page with a hand that trembled like a leaf, and read the signature "*Agatha!*"

"It's a mistake!" he ejaculated, the cold sweat breaking out at every pore. "This letter was never intended for me! It's got into the wrong envelope somehow; that must be the solution of the mystery!"

He rose up, and walked once or twice across the cabin floor, very pale, and with teeth tightly set.

"I don't care," he muttered, fiercely; "I *will* read it, if it were a dishonorable thing, twenty times over. Does not my life's happiness depend on it? No, I will *not*. I never did a mean action yet, and I will not begin now."

He took a large envelope from the little leathern desk upon his pine table, and sealed the lilac sheet closely within it.

"I will take it to her myself, and receive an explanation from her own lips," he thought. "And if—stop, Jack Granger—don't make more of a fool of yourself than nature originally intended!"

"I guess the Captain *has* got a Valentine sure enough," said Samuel Stephens in a whisper to one of his companions in arms. "He's lookin' as bright's a new dollar."

Nor was Samuel far wrong in his conjectures.

Agatha Bell was bending over the creamy scrolls of her tall Egyptian lily, in the frosty light of the winter's day, when a footstep on the carpet startled her from a sad reverie. She turned only to behold the brown face, and bright, earnest eyes of Captain Granger, and to have both her hands imprisoned in his grasp.

"Agatha—nay, dearest, I will not be put off. Lift up those shy eyes—tell me if I may call you my own?"

She was weak and nervous, and worn with sleepless nights; and so, poor child, she surrendered without even a parley.

"But, John, why did you come—how did you know—?"

"That you loved me? Why, did not you send me a Valentine?"

"A Valentine? Never!"

He watched her haughty figure straighten up with an amused smile.

"Little deceiver! And you will deny it in the face of *this?*"

He broke open the sealed envelope—she caught it from him in a flood of rosy blushes.

"John, I did not know; I never intended—"

"Of course you didn't. But I may read it *now?*"

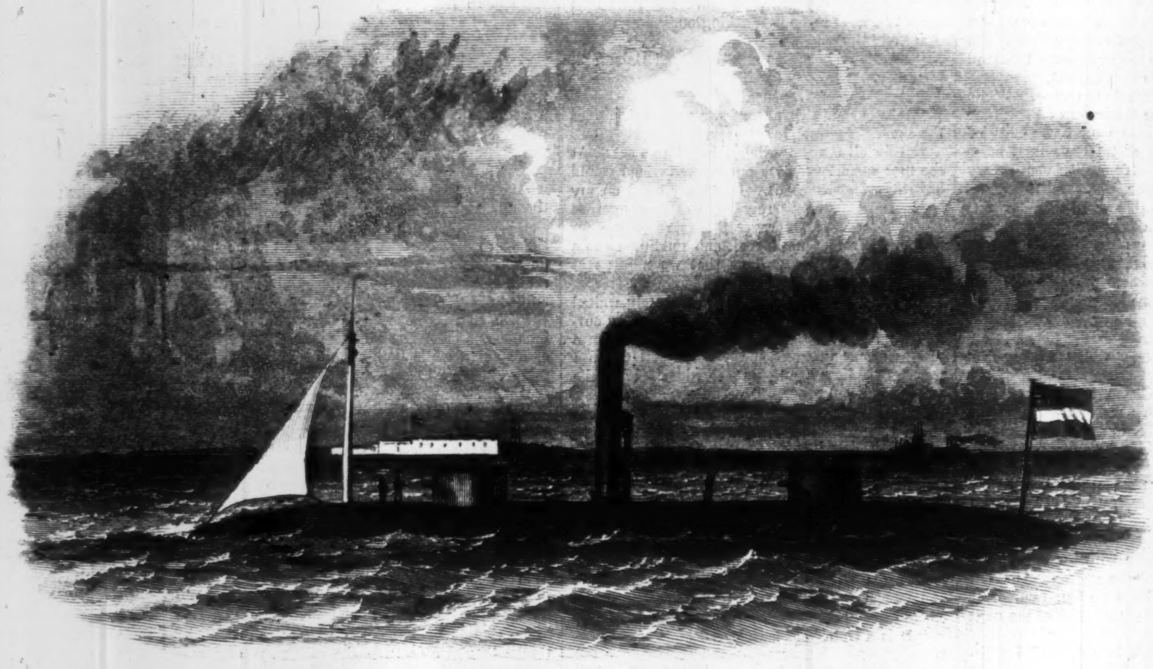
"*No*, Sir! A Valentine indeed!"

People view things with different eyes; and so it happened that while Agatha Bell indignantly denies that she ever sent a Valentine in the course of her whole life, Captain Granger declares as positively that if it had not been for the good offices of St. Valentine he never would have been betrothed to the prettiest girl in New York.

And what is more singular still, they are both of them right.

THE NEW REBEL RAM.

On this page we print a sketch representing the rebel Ram at Mobile. The object of this Ram is the same intended to have been accomplished by the famous *Manassas* against our fleet off New Orleans in October, 1861, viz., the annoyance of our blockading vessels. The *Richmond*, which survived the attack of the *Manassas* without any serious damage, is now off Mobile, and probably has no fears of annihilation from this new monster. The Ram is turned by means of a jib, and the picture represents her as seen from a point near Sand Island.



THE NEW REBEL RAM AT MOBILE.—[From a Sketch by an Officer on Blockade Duty.]

COLUMBIA, S. C.

We publish below some sketches illustrative of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and of the Richland Jail, in which are confined Union prisoners captured in the vicinity of Charleston.

One of these sketches, entitled City Hall, is a view from the east windows of the prison. Above the building floats the Confederate flag. In the balcony about the tower a watchman paces his round at night, calling aloud the quarter hours; and in the fore-ground of the sketch is the high board-fence of the jail-yard.

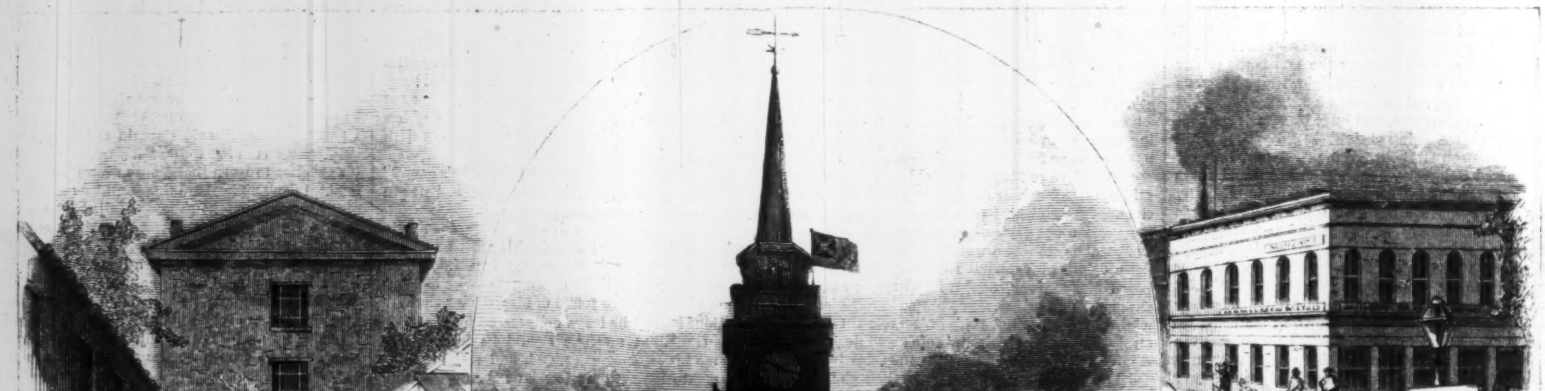
Another sketch represents a rear view of the prison itself, and a Sabbath Service held in the Yard. The building is of small stone, or brick, marked to imitate large stone blocks. On the first, or ground floor, are confined the Union officers; those of the army in two rooms nearest the front, on the left of the building, as shown in the sketch; those of the navy in one large room on the right. Of the two rear rooms, on the same floor, looking into the jail-yard, that on the right is occupied by the guard; that on the left for the temporary confinement of Confederate prisoners. The rooms on the second floor were occupied by the Union privates taken at Fort Wagner until their removal to Richmond; now conscripts and deserters for the Confederate army are there detained. The third floor is given up to the criminals from the civil courts.

On the other side of the City Hall is a picture of the Public Square of Columbia, opposite the Old Court-house, before which slave auctions are to be often seen.

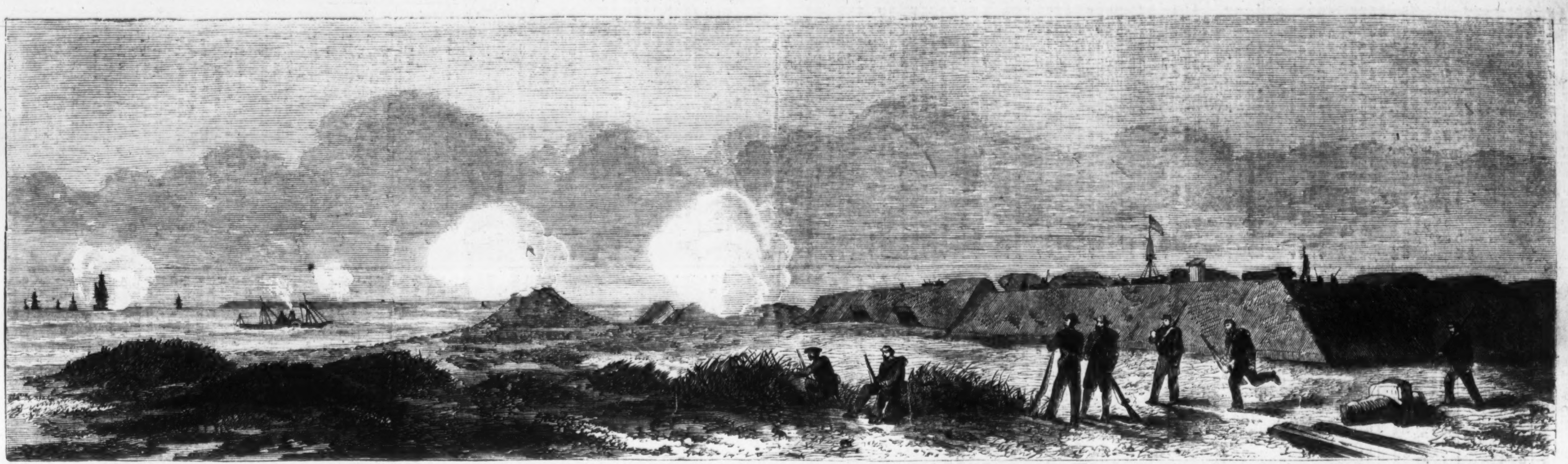
Against the corner lamp-post is the bulletin board of the *Carolinian* office—to be seen a little way up the street. On this the latest intelligence from the front is posted, and of course it is watched with interest from the jail windows by the Union prisoners, who surmise the nature of the news from the conduct and manners of those reading it. If favorable to the Confederates, they rub their hands exultingly as they stand about it in groups, exchanging congratulations on its signs of promise. If adverse, they read it slowly and walk sadly away—with, perhaps, a lifting of the hat and scratching of the head, or a spasmodic jerking of the foot at every other step, as though seeking vent for their feelings of disappointment and regret. By this corner passed the veteran regiments from the army of Northern Virginia to reinforce Bragg before the battle of Chicamauga.

The sketch entitled Old Maggie represents a portion of the room occupied by the army officers. The long table is made to serve for meals by day and as a bed at night. Underneath it is the box in which is kept the corn-meal served with fresh meat every three or four days. Above are the water-bucket and cup, with the large pan in which Old Maggie, the colored cook, brings the meat and soup which she has prepared. Some shelves are seen against the walls, on which the soldiers pile their cups and bowls and their packages of purchased rations.

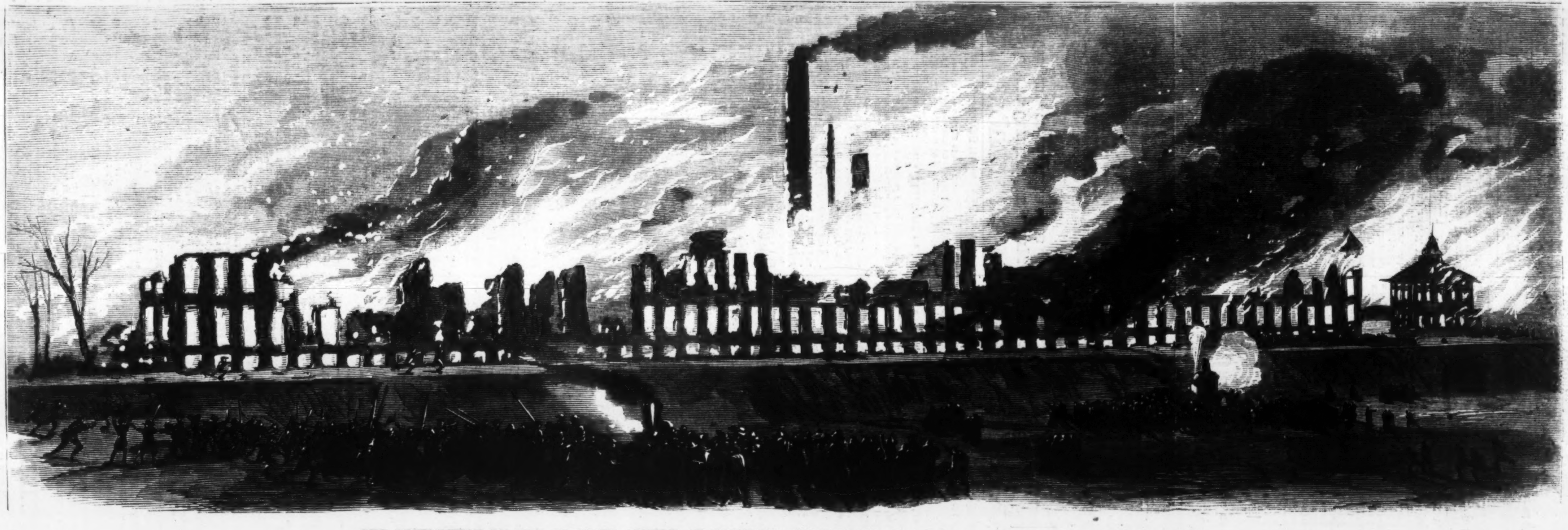
The picture at the right of the above represents the other portion of the officers' quarters. Here, in the open fire-place, a cheerful wood-fire blazes in these long, cold winter evenings, and around it the officers sit, recounting army experiences, discussing the probabilities of the future, or telling stories to beguile the tedious hours. Of home and dear ones but little is said, for those are subjects it will not do for prisoners to dwell upon. On the mantle are a few books, a prison candlestick, pipe, cup, coffee-pot, and piece of corn-bread of Old Maggie's make. The sound of the coffee-mill, just beneath, awakes the later sleepers in the early morning to memories of the home kitchen of boyhood days.


REAR VIEW OF JAIL.
CITY HALL.
PUBLIC SQUARE.
OFFICERS QUARTERS.
OLD MAGGIE, (OFFICERS QUARTERS.)

SCENES IN AND AROUND RICHLAND JAIL, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.



FORT FISHER, COMMANDING THE NEW INLET ENTRANCE TO CAPE FEAR RIVER.—THE BRITISH STEAMER "HANSA" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE UNDER THE GUNS OF THE FORT.—[From a Sketch by an English Artist.]



THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF COLT'S ARMORY, AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—From a Sketch by J. B. Russell, Jr.—[See Page 126.]

THE SINGERS.

O MERRY sings the nurse by night,
Brooding over the fire;
And merry sing the sailor-boys
When noisy winds blow higher;
And red and merry in the blaze
Sing the men round the foundry fire.

O merry sing the reapers, sunk
Chin-deep in the yellow corn;
And merry sing the shepherds
When the shivering sheep are shorn;
And merry sing the millers
Watching the flowing corn.

Ay! merry sings the woodmen's gang
Where nods the stately tree;
And merry sings the pilot
By night on the summer sea;
And merry sing the fishermen
When winter gales blow free.

And merry sing the soldiers
In vaulted barrack-room;
And merry sing the weavers
Over the clattering loom;
And merry sing the light-house men
Amid the murk and gloom.

But merriest far is my Lucy's song
To the infant at her breast,
Watching, with those Madonna eyes,
Our dear one hushed to rest,
What time the red light fades along
The bright line of the west.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE blockade of the Narrows has been resumed. The *Naugatuck* is stationed off Throgg's Neck for the examination of Sound vessels; and the *Miami* and *Tiger* cruise along the North River, as far as the Narrows and Sandy Hook.

One hundred deserters have arrived at the Park Barracks, from Alexandria, Virginia.

The "Musquito Fleet" will soon be ready to depart from this port for New Orleans. It consists of a number of little steamers, some of them iron-clad, and of light draft, to cruise in the lagoons and rivers of the Mississippi inaccessible to large ships.

Major-General M'CLERNAND left Springfield, Illinois, for New Orleans on the 2d instant.

Army mules are going to GRANT'S department in large numbers. They are to be used as pack mules for supply trains, for East Tennessee, as the roads are impassable for wagon trains.

A young lady from Pennsylvania enlisted at Oswego, in this State, a few days since. Her sex was discovered by a fellow-soldier, who gave information to the authorities, and she was arrested and placed in confinement. She is "only sixteen years of age, pretty, intelligent, and modest."

Owing to the failure of a previous contractor, the Navy Department has taken precautions to have the work of raising the sunken vessels at Norfolk and vicinity faithfully performed. The wrecks are the *Cumberland*, *Congress*, *Merrimac*, *Raritan*, the *Columbia*, the small steamer *Whitehall*, and the line-of-battle ships *Pennsylvania*, *Delaware*, and *Columbus*.

The chief of the military detective force of Washington reports that, during the month of January, sixty-two commissioned officers were arrested for various offenses, and six hundred and twenty enlisted men.

The steamer *D. G. Taylor*, which contained forty thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores for our troops at Nashville, was totally destroyed by fire at Louisville, Kentucky, a few days ago.

The Provost Marshal of Iowa has telegraphed to the President that the State will fill its quota by volunteers, rendering a draft there unnecessary.

At a special meeting of the Senate Military Committee to consider the House bill conferring the rank of Lieutenant-General on General GRANT it was decided to report the bill without amendment. It is understood that some opposition will be made to it when it comes before the Senate.

The reports that General THOMAS is to succeed General MEADE in command of the Army of the Potomac are probably without any foundation.

Mr. FENTON'S bill, to facilitate and hurry the payment of bounties and arrears of pay to the heirs of deceased soldiers, now only awaits the action of the Senate to become a law.

Admiral DU PONT has been summoned before the Committee on the Conduct of the War for the purpose of obtaining his opinion as to the best ordnance for the naval service.

The following Generals were in Louisville last week: Major-Generals GRANT, ROSECRANS, HUNTER, CADWALLADER, STONEMAN, SCHOFIELD, CRITTENDEN, and M'COOK; Brigadier-Generals WADSWORTH, ALLEN, CATTLAIN, THOMAS, and BURBRIDGE; and Rear-Admiral PORTER.

Major-General HANCOCK is in New York, bearing a commission to recruit his corps to the number of fifty thousand men.

There is great activity at the Charlestown (Massachusetts) Navy-yard in fitting out vessels for Fort Monroe.

Illinois having, under every call, exceeded her quota, was not, on the 1st of January or at any other time, subject to a draft.

In the case of the *Chesapeake*, the Judge of the Admiralty Court, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has decided to restore the vessel and cargo to her owners.

Major-General BLUNT left Washington for General CURTIS'S Department last week. He is to have command of the district of the Indian Territory, with his head-quarters at Fort Smith.

Admiral LEE, commanding the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, advises the Secretary of the Navy of the destruction of the notorious blockade-runner *Wild Dayrell* at New Topsail Inlet, where she was ashore and discharging her cargo.

Since the advent of General STEELE Arkansas has furnished more volunteers for the Union army than any equal number elsewhere. Counties where JEFF DAVIS'S conscript officers could not find a score of men, have since sent full companies to the Union army.

General HOBSON has been temporarily put in command of the forces in Kentucky, General AMMON having been placed on the Court-Martial at Cincinnati.

A Washington correspondent states that Gen. HALLECK has announced his intention of resigning, if the House Bill, making GRANT Lieutenant-General passes the Senate.

The ship *Contest*, owned by A. A. LOW BROS., of New York, was burned by the *Alabama*, on the 11th of November.

Captain IVES, of the Tenth Massachusetts, and Captain READ, of the Third Ohio Volunteers, are to be ironed and sent to Salisbury, and put to hard labor, in retaliation for the similar treatment of two captains captured by Burnside, and now at Johnson's Island.

The Thirtieth Maine regiment, 1000 strong, have embarked from Portland for New Orleans.

STEELE'S cavalry advance occupy Benton, 60 miles south of Little Rock, Arkansas.

FORT FISHER, N. C.

AN English artist in the South writes as follows concerning the accompanying illustration: "Herewith I send you a sketch of Fort Fisher, commanding the approach to Cape Fear River, the entrance to Wilmington, North Carolina. I was down there one night, and, as it is twenty-five miles from the town, it was impossible to get back that night, so I had to rough it in a casemate till morning. As luck would have it, we discovered a blockade-running steamer, the *Hansa*, under our guns at dawn, and at the same time the Yankee blockaders also became aware of her presence and opened fire, thinking, as she had already got inside the bar (the line of white breakers just seaward of her), they would destroy her before she made the inlet. To get within range they had to expose themselves to the metal of the fort, which soon drove them off, leaving the *Hansa* at liberty to make her way safely into the river. The distant point of land is Cape Fear. Fort Fisher is one of the strongest coast defenses I have seen, not excepting any of those at Charleston, that have hitherto held an entire iron-clad fleet at bay."

THE FIRE IN COLT'S ARMORY.

WE publish on page 125 an illustration, from a sketch by Mr. J. B. Russell, Jun., of the late extensive fire at Colt's Armory, Hartford. The buildings destroyed were the front main building, 500 feet long by 60 feet wide, and three stories in height; the wing of the same width and height, and 60 feet long; and the office, two and a half stories high. The main building contained the most expensive gun and pistol machinery, and employed eight hundred workmen. Nearly every thing movable was saved, including several thousand dollars' worth of stock, and pistols packed for shipment.

The fire originated in the attic, from what cause is unknown, but was first discovered in the centre wing connecting the old with the new Armory. The firemen were successful in preventing the fire from reaching the new Armory, thus saving the Government rifles, which are made in that building.

The Armory burned was built by Mr. Colt in 1859 of Portland stone, slate roof, and was said to be fire-proof. The new Armory, which is built of brick, was added two years ago to meet the extensive demand for rifles after the breaking out of the war. The entire loss from the fire is estimated at about $1,000,000. Colonel Colt never had the buildings insured, but upon his death Mr. E. K. Root, then elected President of the Company, obtained insurance on the entire Armory to the amount of $660,000. This fire is a serious loss to Hartford, and especially as it throws out of work between one and two thousand mechanics and workmen. It will take the Company two years to rebuild and put their establishment on its former footing.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.

Major-General Burnside writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75, and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the RIDGEWOOD SMOKING TOBACCO, of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade*. *All Orders* promptly filled.

OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

POLLAK & SON, MEERSCHAUM MANUFACTURERS, 357 BROOME ST., NEAR BOWERY, N. Y., sell wholesale and retail. Will send, free of charge, a genuine Pipe for 6 Dollars. Pipes cut to order and repaired.

500 Wonders of the World.

Whiskers and Moustaches, Gold and Silver-Love Courtship, &c., the Hunter's Secret, Angler's Secret and a host of other Secrets for making money worth a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cts. Also Agents wanted.

Address J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, N. J.

New Catalogue of Jewelry

Sent free. Address
THOS. CAFFERTY & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 09 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

HEAD-QUARTERS
For Veteran, Cavalry, Army Corps, Company, and Division Pins of every Description.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen with Extension Case and Pencil, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or a Seal Stone Ring; and for $1 50, I will send you a Solid Silver new style CAVALRY Pin, engraved as above. Agents sending for 10 or more Pins at one time will be allowed 15 cents each.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Drums and Fifes for the Army.

ELEGANT PRIZE DRUMS in Wood, Brass, and German Silver, from $50 down to $12 50 each. Cheap Drums, $5 to $10 each. Pure Silver Fifes, from $75 to $40 each. Elegant German Silver Fifes, from $6 to $10 each. Emmett's Drum and Fife Book, $1 per copy. WM. A. POND & CO., Manufacturers of Musical Instruments and Publishers of Music, 547 Broadway, New York.

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At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

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COLLECTION and BANKING OFFICE.—SOMES, BROWN & CO., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

Ivory Photographic

SLEEVE BUTTONS (*Patent applied for*), with perfect likenesses of the President, Generals Grant, Rosecrans, Burnside, McClellan, Banks, and others, $1 00 per pair. Fine Ivory Brooches, $1 50. Ball Ear Rings to match, $1 50. White and imitation of Coral, for sale at WELLING'S, 207 Centre St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are infallible for costiveness, spasms, loss of appetite, sick headache, giddiness, sense of bloating after meals, dizziness, drowsiness, and cramping pains, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels.

☞ Original Letter at 294 Canal Street, New York.

J. J. C. COOK, publisher of the *State Banner*, Bennington, Vt., says: he was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and suffered so severely from it, that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncomfortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes a COMPLRTE CURE was effected. He says: "My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

☞ In all cases get new style, with my private stamp upon each box by permission of the Honorable Commissioner of Stamps. Observe B. BRANDRETH in white, which insures the genuine Pills.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name

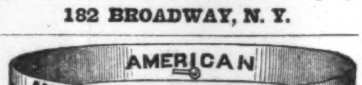
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

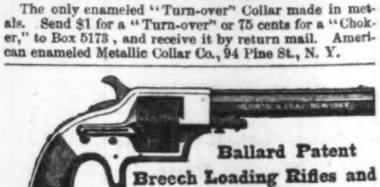
It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send $1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to Box 5173, and receive it by return mail. American enameled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.



Ballard Patent
Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition. This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition *alone* makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficiency and durability.

We *also offer to the Public* our new *Cartridge* and *loose* ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one wishing a first-class arm should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
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Two Dollars made from twenty cents, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20c. that retail for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have Just Published:

LIFE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

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J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
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10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

Agents for the United States for the Celebrated

ALBERTINE

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen $10 25
Or 3 dozen for 25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!

30,000 Watches, Chains, &c., &c., &c.

Worth $150,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list of articles and particulars. Also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

Six Certificates can be ordered for $1, thirteen for $2, thirty-five for $5, and one hundred for $12.

Address C. F. SHULTS,
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Use the Electro-Metallic Insoles, Belts, and Armlets. They are an infallible Remedy for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, &c. Mettam & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y.

Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH.—Agents wanted to sell Sewing Machines. We will give a commission on all Machines sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages and all expenses paid. For particulars address
BOYLAN & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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Text-Book on Botany.

By Professor ASA GRAY, of Harvard University.

For comprehensiveness of scope, exactness and clearness of description, accurate and scientific analysis of plants, and beauty of Illustration, these books have no equal.

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MANUAL OF BOTANY—A comprehensive Flora of the Northern States, to which is added *Garden Botany*. A complete class-book for Academies and colleges, price $2.

MANUAL AND LESSONS in one volume, price $2 50.

STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY, with 1,300 cuts, price $2 50.

A circular containing prices, descriptions, and testimonials from the highest sources will be sent upon application.

Books furnished for *examination* and for *introduction* at greatly reduced prices. Address, the Publishers,
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., Nos. 48 and 50 Walker Street, New York.

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New Army Watches.

Every Soldier should have the Magic Railway Time-Keeper. It has beautiful Silver Composite Hunting Cases, *with new Patent Time Indicator, to save trouble of opening case, just invented for the benefit of our brave soldiers*. The handsomest and most useful Watch ever offered $15.

Every Officer should have the DOUBLE TIME DUPLEX STOP WATCH.—This highly useful Watch has beautiful and heavy Silver Hunting Cases, with different Indexes for Washington and London time, Sweep Seconds with Superior adjusted Stop, to be used in training horses, and also by Sportsmen, Artillerists, &c., in marking time, $38.

All the leading novelties can be seen by sending for our Catalogue. We want Agents in every regiment on unusually liberal terms.

All Watches mailed free to any address, and warranted for 12 months.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers of Watches,
212 Broadway, New York.

Diamond Parlor Matches,
In Round and Slide Boxes,
66 Courtlandt Street, *N. Y.*

We are now offering our Celebrated Gold Pens and Extension Silver Plated Holders at the following low prices for Cash:

No. 1 Magic Gold Pens and Holders, per dozen,					$5 50.
No. 2	"	"	"	"	7 00.
No. 1 Albertine fine Gold Pens and Holders, per doz.					8 00.
No. 2	"	"	"	"	9 00.
No. 1 Always Ready			"	"	11 50.
No. 2	"	"	"	"	13 00.

These Pens and Holders are all warranted, and will retail from $2 to $5 each.

A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens and Holders have nice fancy Cases, containing one dozen each, and are not soldin less quantities. Sent by mail or express pre-paid.

Address SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

CANVASSERS

Wanted everywhere to sell "FISH'S UNION ATTACHMENTS," designed to support Vessels or Shades over the flame of a common coal oil lamp or gas burner. EVERYBODY WANTS IT. PRICE **50** CENTS. Active men can make $10 a day. Call at No. 206 Pearl St., N. Y., or send for a circular. Wm. D. Russell, Agent.

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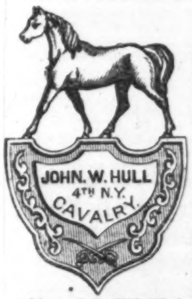
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.



Cavalry Badges.

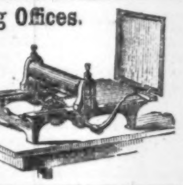
Annexed is a fac-simile design of our newest style Cavalry Badge. Sent free to any address on receipt of price, with Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved thereon.

Solid Silver........$3 00
Solid Silver, letters in gold relief..... 3 50
Solid Silver, letters in gold.......... 8 00
Solid Silver, letters in gold enameled. 9 00

Also new style Artillery Badge, and every style Co. Pin and Corps Badge worn by the Army. Send for our illustrated Catalogue.

Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices.



For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Adams Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

AGENTS WANTED.—Apply to N. M. SHAFER and J. L. G. PIERPONT, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

ONE CENT.

As the warm weather approaches, prepare to reduce your household expenses, by getting Fish's Kerosene or Gas

Cooking Apparatus.

One costing **$4 50** will cook a meal for **5** persons, at a cost of

ONE CENT.

Thousands of them have been sold, and the demand is increasing. A Descriptive Pamphlet furnished gratis.
WM. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 206 Pearl Street, N. Y.
N. B.—*The Trade supplied on liberal terms.*

Colored Album Gems.

Views of Central Park, 2 Parts. Autumn Leaves, 4 Parts. Life of Childhood, 2 Parts. Summer and Winter Scenes on the Hudson and White Mountains, 4 Parts. Butterflies, 5 Parts. Beautiful Plants and Flowers, 10 Parts. Beautiful Birds, 5 Parts; and Comic Camp and other Scenes, 3 Parts. Each Part is a speciality, and contains 12 Pictures. Price $1 00 EACH PART, by mail, to any address. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

To Compositors.—Wanted, three strictly first-class Compositors, *used to Book-work*. Apply to Mr. Marsh, Foreman of Harper & Brothers' Composing Room, N. Y.

Another Great Story.

NOW READY IN THE

New York Weekly,

A Story of startling interest, entitled

Glady the Lost;

or,

The Curse of Beauty.

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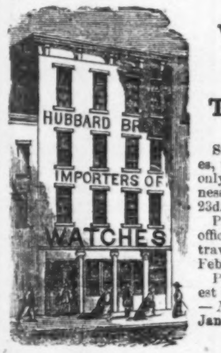

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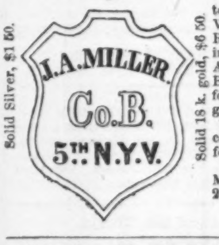
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